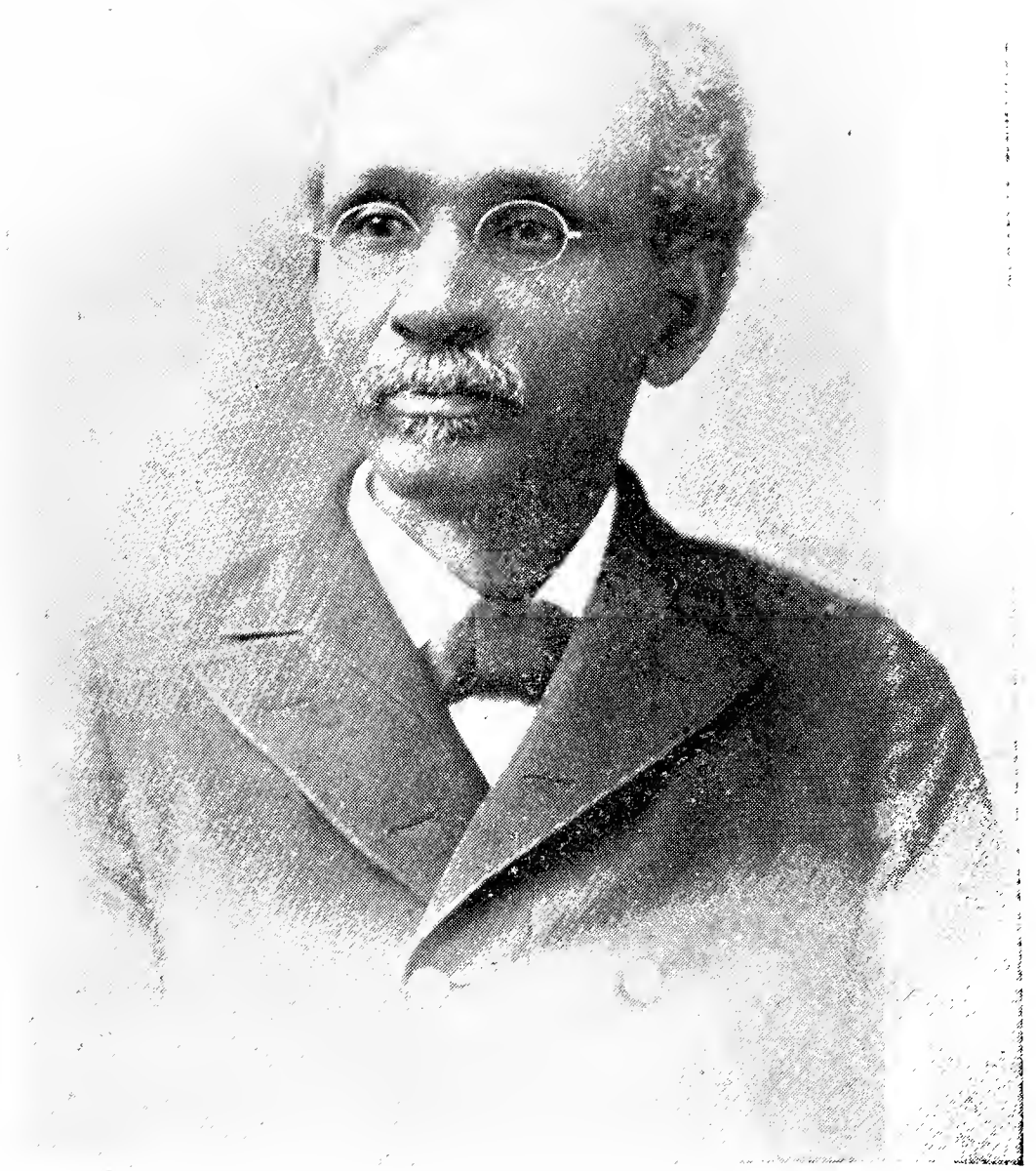
TALKS FOR THE TIM

W. H. CROGMAN

Presented by
Charles M. Melden,
Clark University
Atlanta, Ga.
May 8. 1901.



Yours truly,
W. H. Hoggman

TALKS FOR THE TIMES

BY

W. H. CROGMAN

SOUTH ATLANTA, GA.

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TO

My Children,

UPON WHOSE YOUNG SHOULDERS MUST SOON FALL THE

WEIGHTY RESPONSIBILITIES OF LIFE,

TRUSTING THAT WITH BRAVE HEARTS AND TRUE, WITH FAITH IN

GOD AND FAITH IN MAN, THEY MAY DISCHARGE FAITH-

FULLY AND CHEERFULLY, DAY BY DAY,

EVERY DUTY THAT MAY COME

TO THEIR HANDS.

PREFACE.

The Talks in this little volume are a selection of those made on various occasions within the last thirteen years, and are now given to the public in compliance with a long-standing and oft-repeated request of my friends, both black and white. Indeed, I can hardly give any other excuse for publishing them.

As to their merits, others must judge. All the subjects treated are such as relate to the race with which I am identified. In the discussion of these subjects I have endeavored, whatever may have been my success, to use candor and moderation, to condemn the wrong where I have seen the wrong, and commend the right where I have seen the right, regardless of the section of country in which the one or the other has appeared.

W H. CROGMAN.

Clark University,

South Atlanta, Ga., Dec. 30, 1896.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

PROFESSOR W. H. CROGMAN, A.M.

BY

EDWARD L. PARKS, D.D.,

Professor of Systematic Theology in Gammon Theological Seminary.

Prof. Crogman has asked me to write a brief biographical sketch for his volume of public addresses. The following article, which was prepared by me and appeared in *The Southwestern Christian Advocate* of New Orleans, on June 4, 1891, contains material for such a sketch. This material has the advantage of presenting the knowledge and views of Professor Crogman's character and work from many competent witnesses and from various periods of his life. As the letters giving this information were written for a special occasion, it seems but right to republish the account of that occasion with the letters. It has been necessary to change the article only by omitting some irrelevant portions and adding some dates. The following is the article thus changed with the caption under which it originally appeared:

HONOR TO A MAN WHO HONORS HIS RACE AND HUMANITY.

Prof. W H. Crogman, A.M., who occupies the chair of Greek and Latin in Clark University, Atlanta, in Christian character, scholarship in his department, literary ability, general culture, and distinguished services, stands, it is safe to say, among the first four, if not at the very head, of the colored race. In all the particulars mentioned, he would honor a professorship in any college in the land. The evening of May 5, 1891, the fiftieth anniversary of Prof. Crogman's birth, was taken advantage of by his friends to give some expression of their high appreciation of him and his work. At the same time it brought out the history of his life. It is a history which ought to be set as an example before the youth of a race struggling under adverse circumstances and great opposition into manhood, usefulness and honor.

The whole plan of paying a tribute of recognition and honor to Prof. Crogman was conceived and directed by Dr. W P. Thirkield, President of Gammon Theological Seminary, and was a unique success. In a happy speech he referred to the milestone which the day marked in the life of "our ancient friend," and said that some weeks ago, with a view to looking up the history of Prof. Crogman, he had sent out a number of letters to various parts of the world. He proposed to have these letters read.

It was found that Prof. Crogman was born on the Island of St. Martin's, May 5, 1841. In 1855 he went to sea on a vessel on which Mr. B. L. Boomer was mate. Mr. Boomer from the first took a deep interest in him, and afterwards took him to his home in Massachusetts. Mr. Boomer's brothers were sea captains. The boy, Willie H. Crogman, followed the sea with this family for eleven years. He visited many lands, and, observant and thoughtful, obtained a wide knowledge of various nationalities and parts of the world. His visits included especially England, various points on the continent of Europe, Calcutta and Bombay in Asia, and various places in South America. A letter from Mr. Boomer included the following:

"It has been my good fortune to know our good friend all the way from his fifteen to his present fifty, and it would afford me the greatest satisfaction if I could feel that his great success in all these years had in any manner been furthered by me. On the contrary his untiring perseverance, diligent, wise and studious use of his time and money made him from the first independent of all save our love, respect and never-ceasing interest."

In 1866, at the suggestion of Mr. Boomer, that an academic education would make him more useful, Prof. Crogman, then at the age of twenty-five, began to earn means to attend an academy. He worked and laid by money till, two years later in 1868, he entered Pierce Acad-

emy, in Middleborough, Mass. He remained there two years, taking an English course with French and book-keeping. Prof. J. W P. Jenks, of Brown University, who was then the principal of the academy, wrote as follows:

"During the twenty-nine years that I was principal of Pierce Academy in Middleborough, Mass., from '42 to '71, I never made any distinction of nationality, race, or color in receiving pupils, and, but in one instance, and that not while Prof. Crogman was there, was any race prejudice shown among my pupils, though till the war there was not one year that the children of slaveholders were not members of the school, and quite frequently there were Negroes at the same time. My domestic relations were such that I took no boarders into my own family, and again I must confess with shame that the boarding-house over which previously I had some control, having been given up, I could find no boarding place for Crogman, and with difficulty a lodging room, on account of that race prejudice. So he was obliged to board himself under great disadvantages. A much more pleasing reference is to his splendid scholarship. Beginning with me in the elementary English branches, I may safely say, in them all, he accomplished in one quarter as much as the average student did in two, mastering almost intuitively, and with equal facility, both mathematical and linguistical principles. I formed him into a class of one, lest he should he hindered by the

dullness of others. In the third quarter he commenced French, and, as I have often said, surpassed every one of the hundreds of students, in both rapidity of advancement and accuracy of scholarship. I need say no more, except that his record since leaving the academy, taking all the extenuating circumstances into the account, has reflected greater honor upon me as its principal, and his almost sole instructor while connected with it, than any other alumnus."

After completing this academic course, in the fall of 1870 Prof. Crogman started for the South to give his life to the Christian education and elevation of his race. He was recommended by the Boston Preachers' Meeting to the work in South Carolina, and was employed by Rev. T. W Lewis as instructor in English branches, at Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C. Here he remained three years. In this work he became impressed with the need of a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and began the study of Latin by himself. To gain a knowledge of these branches he went to Atlanta University in the fall of 1873. This resulted in his completing there the full classical course in 1876. Prof. Francis, of Atlanta University, who was one of his teachers there, was present at the reception and in a most happy speech paid a high tribute to Prof. Crogman's manhood, industry, thorough scholarship and rapid advancement during his college life, completing as he did the four

years course in three years. He spoke also of Prof. Crogman's carrying off as his bride one of their noblest and most gifted and cultured young ladies, Miss Lavinia C. Mott, of Charlotte, N. C. Immediately on his graduating from Atlanta University, Prof. Crogman was called to a position in the faculty of Clark University, where he has been ever since, having occupied his present chair since 1880. Letters expressive of their highest appreciation of him and his work were read from several of his students who now themselves occupy prominent positions.

Rev. G. W Arnold, A.M., B.D., has been principal of LaGrange Seminary and is now pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Savannah, Ga. His letter included the following:

"I review with exquisite pleasure the eight years I spent under Prof. Crogman as my teacher, and regard him one of the most scholarly and one of the foremost men of his race. His is a life whose influence is not bounded by any section of country."

Rev. E. W Lee, A.M., is pastor of the A. M. E. Church at Rome, Ga., and secretary of his conference. His letter included the following:

"For twenty-one long years Prof. Crogman has been incessant in labors and continuous in self-sacrificing in order that he might break the fetters of ignorance and superstition, and give liberty to the captives. His earnestness

and faithfulness in the class-room, where he is so much at home, produces an eloquence more effective than a thousand orators upon the stage. Learned and yet modest, humble and yet dignified, he carries with him a personality that is his own. As to the result of his labors let the voices from a thousand hamlets in this and adjoining States speak out; let the young men and women from a thousand homes who have imbibed knowledge and manhood at his feet come forward and tell the story. Looking back from his fiftieth anniversary Prof. Crogman may exclaim: 'My zeal for the work has not been vain.' I now congratulate myself on having sat at his feet."

The Rev. Prof. J. M. Cox, A.M., B.D., occupies the chair of Latin and Greek in Philander Smith College, Little Rock, Ark. His letter included the following:

"I became a pupil of Prof. Crogman in the year 1878, and continued under his instruction until 1884. Under no other teacher could six years of my life have been spent more pleasantly and profitably. To him more than to any other instructor I am indebted for my little store of knowledge and for the limited degree of success that has attended my labors for the last five years. Engaged now in teaching the very same branches in which I was instructed by Prof. Crogman, and anxious to do well my work and benefit my pupils, I often think of the many excellent qualities that characterize him both as a man

and as a teacher. To those now assembled to do him deserved honor, I take pleasure in saying that I found him ever accurate in general knowledge, thorough in class-room preparation, positive in demands, and forceful in every utterance. System and method marked all his instruction, and his own inimitable way of conducting a recitation and of eliciting even from the dullest student remarks upon the lesson impressed me, as well as others, with the fact that he is certainly a master of his very high calling, teaching. His manly and helpful talks in connection with the recitation were always a source of inspiration to me, and caused me to make many a noble resolve."

Rev. R. S. Rust, D.D., honorary corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, was active secretary and sole manager of our educational work in the South from 1867 to 1888, and knew intimately of Prof. Crogman's work. His letter included the following:

"Yours in regard to dear Prof. Crogman received. It is the proper thing to do. He richly merits our gratitude and love for his grand work and his pure life."

Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D.D., the present secretary, also joined heartily in contributing to the testimonial to Prof. Crogman.

A letter from Rev. E. O. Thayer, A.M., who was president of Clark University from 1880 to 1889, included the following:

"Is it possible that my young friend is celebrating his semi-centennial? What wonderful experiences have been crowded into those fifty years! Enough to make a man feel a century old. You have seen great changes in the condition of the South. You are sometimes tempted to be discouraged or impatient when the stream of progress seems to turn backward in a great eddy. Remember, brother, that the Almighty Father of love rules and there can be no really backward movements in his work. The Southern school work demands all your powers of eloquence and gifts of teaching."

Rev. W H. Hickman, D.D., president of Clark University, made a very appropriate speech, speaking in high terms of the faithfulness and excellence of Prof. Crogman's work.

Prof. Crogman was a lay delegate to the General Conferences of the M. E. Church of 1880, 1884 and 1888, and one of the assistant secretaries of the last two of these. A letter from Rev. D. S. Monroe, D.D., secretary of these last two General Conferences, included the following:

"Though a Southerner by birth, from my early manhood I was opposed to slavery, and I considered it one of the greatest privileges of my life that it fell to my lot to be the first to nominate a man of African descent as an assistant secretary of the General Conference of 1884. I was certainly extremely fortunate in securing the services of

one so efficient, educated, modest and gentlemanly as he whose fiftieth anniversary it is proposed to celebrate. So highly pleased were the conference and myself with his service in 1884 that it was my great pleasure to have him again elected in 1888."

The letter from Rev. C. H. Payne, D.D., secretary of the Board of Education of the M. E. Church, included the following:

"With all my heart I gladly respond to your proposal with reference to the testimonial of brotherly regard for Prof. Crogman. I have known Prof. Crogman for years: indeed, our boyhood years were passed not many miles from each other. I have watched his course with a brother's interest, and have rejoiced to see his loyalty to principle and his fidelity to duty. Few men in our church have rendered more faithful or useful service in our educational work than Prof. Crogman; few men have steadily and unwaveringly maintained a more straightforward and manly course, or acted more wisely under all circumstances than has he."

A letter from Bishop Mallalieu included the following;

"Dr. Crogman is a man in whom I have had the greatest confidence. He is an honor to the human race. I wish the world was full of such men. I trust many years of honorable and enjoyable usefulness remain to him."

Bishop Warren wrote as follows:

"I send you the heartiest congratulations on so long and honorable a life. How many men and women realize that they have been born to higher life by your teachings. May the blessings of a long life of such usefulness and honor be yours."

Some years ago a university of good standing conferred upon Prof. Crogman the degree of LL.D., but in his modesty he insists on declining the honor, and most of his friends defer to his wishes in not using the title, though they regard him as worthy of the honor it implies. Prof. Crogman, though closely confined to his lecture room for most of the year, has addressed with great acceptability not only his own people, on various occasions, but some of the most prominent audiences in this country, notably at Ocean Grove, in Beecher's Church, and at the National Teachers' Association. His address a few years ago at the meeting of the last named, in Madison, Wis., was generally regarded as one of the ablest and most eloquent,

After the story of Prof. Crogman's life had been brought before the company by the letters and speeches, Dr. Thirkield, in behalf of the Professor's friends from all over the nation, presented him in succession, the interest with each item growing more and more intense, with an elegant gold watch, a beautiful set of Carlsbad china, nine handsomely bound volumes of ancient classics, and a large ornamental inkstand from which rolled out one hundred dollars in gold

—making, with other amounts added since, a substantial testimonial of over two hundred and fifty dollars. The china was especially appropriate, as it recognized the merits of Mrs. Crogman, who is also a graduate of Atlanta University, and who, in her character and services as his helpmeet, and as queen of one of the most refined and cultured homes, and as the mother of seven most promising children, is worthy of no less honor than the Professor himself.

Prof. Crogman expressed his thanks in behalf of himself and wife in one of the felicitous speeches for which he is noted, referring to the occasion as one of the happiest of his life.

This story of his life shows something of the adverse circumstances under which he has labored, the manhood scholarship, usefulness to his race and humanity, and the honor his indefatigable industry, perseverance, hard work, and Christian faith have achieved, and points the way to every aspiring youth, however lowly and unfavorable his circumstances.

It remains simply to continue this sketch to the present. Since the publication of the foregoing article, Prof. Crogman has continued in the work of his chair in Clark University.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church of 1892 provided for a University Senate, to be composed of fifteen

practical educators, chosen by the bishops, to determine the minimum requirements in our church colleges and universities for the Baccalaureate degree. Prof. Crogman has been a member of this Senate from its formation.

The projection of the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta for 1895 must be regarded as one of the boldest and most enterprising undertakings of our wonderful American history, when we consider the size of the city, the financial condition of the South and the nation, and the proximity in time and location of the World's Fair in Chicago. It was soon seen that to succeed the Exposition must have some distinguishing characteristic, and that if a large and representative Negro exhibit could be secured, it would be a unique feature. Prof. Crogman was sent throughout the leading cities of the South to present the matter to the colored people and secure their co-operation. He spent a considerable time in each of the twenty largest cities. Many of the leaders and educators of the colored people said: "We have been deceived and wrongly treated so many times and in so many ways, that we are slow take to part in any enterprise of this kind; but the fact that Prof. Crogman, a representative educator of our own race, presents this subject, shows that its purpose is for the education and advancement of our people, and we are ready to engage in it." Prof. Crogman not only did this work of fundamental importance in securing the co-operation of the colored

people in the Exposition, but he was afterwards the chief Exposition Commissioner for the colored people of the State of Georgia, which had one of the largest and best exhibits, and was permanent chairman of the Board of Chief Commissioners for the colored people from all the States. It is thus apparent that he contributed very largely to the success of the Exposition by the important part he took in promoting its unique feature, the Negro Exhibit, which was of such large historic, educational and industrial importance, alike to the white and colored people of the entire nation.

On February 23, 1896, there was held under the auspices of the educational institutions for the colored people in Atlanta, a very appropriate memorial service for the late Bishop Haygood, of the M. E. Church, South, who had been such a helpful and influential friend of the colored people in the time of their great need. Prof. Crogman was chosen to represent his people and their institutions in the chief address. The fitness of this choice is shown by the high appreciation in which Bishop Haygood held Prof. Crogman, as seen in the following extract, and by the excellent character of the address itself. On the return of Bishop Haygood to Georgia, Prof. Crogman wrote him a letter welcoming him back to the State. Under date of April 15, 1895, Bishop Haygood made a cordial reply, including the following:

"Be sure that, among hundreds of letters I have re-

ceived giving me welcome to Georgia, few are more appreciated than yours—many not nearly so much. * * * Providence keeps a man like you. God bless you. I owe you more than you do me."

The greatest physical forces like gravitation and the sunshine are not obtrusive. The agencies which are most powerful in molding society are often likewise not prominent. The true leaders of men are those who help them to larger and better ideas of life. These are not the generals, the politicians, the legislators, nor the executives, who only follow or execute the will of the people; they are rather the educators: the fathers and mothers, the prophets and preachers, the agitators and reformers. Though unobtrusive and often unrecognized in their work, the true teachers hold a very important place among the world's leaders. Professor Crogman has been a living teacher in no mere technical nor narrow sense. In his class instruction, he has aimed to lead his pupils not only to accuracy of technical scholarship, but to culture, to true and broader ideas of life and to character. In his more public educational work on the lecture platform and elsewhere, he has aimed to promote the welfare and advancement of his own people and of all peoples. In a true estimate not only of many enlarged and ennobled individual lives, but also of the great movement since emancipation in the elevation of the colored people, he must be given an important place.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED IN ATLANTA, GA.

None but himself can be his parallel.—*Theobald.*

Illum aget penna metuente solvi
Fama seperstes.
—*Horace.*

Frederick Douglass is dead! How strange that sounds to those of us who from earliest boyhood have been accustomed to hear him spoken of as the living exponent of all that is noblest and best in the race. The mind reluctantly accepts the unwelcome truth. And yet it is a truth—a serious, a solemn truth. Frederick Douglass is no more. The grand old hero of a thousand battles has at last fallen before the shaft of the common destroyer, and upon his well-battered shield loving hands have tenderly borne that stalwart form to its last, long resting place. Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes!

And is that all? Nay, verily, I tell you, no ordinary piece of clay has been laid away in the silent tomb. No mean or craven spirit has suddenly taken its flight. A character so imposing, so colossal in its

proportions, a life so singularly grand in its achievements, passes not away unnoticed. The great mad world in its giddy rush after material gains has paused to take note that a great man has fallen in our Israel; and humanity, enriched and blessed by his long and faithful services, lingers in tearful gratitude about his new-made grave. It were well for us to pause. It were well for us, turning aside from the hum-drum duties of the day, to lay upon his bier the tribute of gratitude and affection. It were well for us to contemplate, even though briefly, that remarkable life, and discover, if we may, what were the elements that, entering into it, made it so strong, so symmetrical, so sublime.

This country will never again see another Douglass; this world will never again see another Douglass, for in all probability there will never again exist that peculiar combination of circumstances to produce exactly such a type of manhood. Man is, in a measure, the product of environment. Yet it would be injustice to Frederick Douglass to say that he was great simply because of environment. He was great in spite of environment. Born a slave, subjected in his youth and early manhood to all the degrading, stulti-

fying, demoralizing influences of slavery, he has left behind him, after a public life long and varied and stormy, a name as clean and spotless as driven snow. Take notice of this, young men, you who have ambitions, you who are aspiring to public place, position, and power. Take notice that a public life need not be separated from unsullied honor.

I said Frederick Douglass was great in spite of environment. Had there been no slavery to fight, no freedom to win, he would still have been a great man. Greatness was inherent in his being, and circumstances simply evoked it. He was one of those choice spirits whom the Almighty sends into this world with the stamp of a great mission on their very form and features. Said Sam Johnson with reference to Edmund Burke: "Burke, sir, is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'" The same could doubtless have been said of Douglass; but it was not necessary to hear him talk, to discover his unusual ability and surpassing intelli-

gence. There was in his very presence something that instantly indicated these. An eminent divine said some years ago that Douglass's escape from slavery was a very fortunate thing for the South, as in any uprising of slaves he must have proved a very formidable leader. "He had," said he, "the mind to plan, the heart to dare, and the hand to execute," and added, "If you were to see him sitting in Exeter Hall in the midst of a sea of faces, you would instantly recognize in him a man of extraordinary force of character."

Such was the impressiou that Douglass commonly made on people, and such was the impression he made on me at my first sight of him. It was in Faneuil Hall, in the summer of 1872. The colored people of New England were assembled in political convention. Their best speakers, not only of New England, but of other States, were present. Langston was there, eloquent, scholarly, and logical. There, too, was Douglass, just returned from Maine, where he had been speaking in the Grant and Greeley campaign. Entering the hall in the midst of one of their morning sessions, the first object that met my eyes was the old hero himself on the rostrum. There he stood,

over six feet in height, erect, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with massive, well-formed head, covered with thick, bushy hair, about half gray. I judged him then to be midway in his fifties. His face, strongly leonine, was clean shaven, except moustache, while those eyes, that even the seventies could flash fire, lighted up the whole countenance, and made the general effect such as not to be easily forgotten by a young man. There stood the orator and the man, and never since have I seen the two in such exquisite combination. The old Greek sculptor would have delighted to immortalize such a form in marble. Whispering to a tall white brother beside me (the audience was half white) I asked: "Who, sir, is that man speaking?" "That man? That man is Frederick Douglass." Then looking down upon me with an expression of mingled pity and surprise in his face, he said: "Why, don't you know Fred. Douglass?" I need not say that that question brought to my mind feelings of pride not altogether unmixed with humiliation. As the old orator swept on, however, in his own inimitable style, sprinkling his remarks with genuine, original wit, I forgot everything else around me. His voice, a heavy barytone, or rendered a little

heavier than usual by a slight hoarseness contracted in previous speaking, could be distinctly heard in that historic but most wretched of auditoriums. I was particularly struck with his perfect ease and naturalness, a seemingly childlike unconsciousness of his surroundings, while, like a master of his art, as he was, he swayed the feelings of that surging multitude. In the most impassioned portions of his speech, however, it was evident to the thoughtful observer that there was in the man immense reserved force which on momentous occasions might be used with startling effect. At first I had entered the hall to remain but a few minutes, and, consequently, had taken my stand just inside the door. How long I did remain I cannot tell, but it was until the speaker finished, at which time I found myself half way up towards the rostrum in the midst of that thickly standing audidience. Such was my first sight and impression of one of the world's great orators, and beyond comparison the greatest man of the race yet produced on this continent.

His splendid physique, so often admired, was well in keeping with the strength and grasp of his masterly mind. Without the privilege of a day's instruction

in the schoolroom, he acquired a fund of useful knowledge that would put to shame the meagre attainments of many a college graduate. His speeches and writings are models of a pure English style, and are characterized by simplicity, clearness, directness, force, and elegance.

Many of the interesting facts and incidents in the life of this great man will undoubtedly be brought out by the speakers and essayists to follow. Many are already well known—his escape from slavery, his arrival in the North, his early marriage, his settling down to work at his trade in New Bedford, his first speech in an anti-slavery convention, that drew attention to his wonderful powers of oratory, and led to his employment by the Anti-slavery Bureau to lecture through the North on the most unpopular question that up to that time had been presented to the American people, his rise as an orator, his trip to England and its magical effects on the English people, his return to this country, and the purchase of his freedom, to relieve him of the apprehension of being seized and taken back into slavery, his editorship of the *North Star*, his services to the government during the war in the raising of troops, his securing of pay for the black soldiers equal to that of the whites, the edi-

torship immediately after the war of the *New National Era*, his popularity as a lyceum lecturer, his mission to Santo Domingo under Grant, his marshalship of the District of Columbia under Hayes, his ministry to Santo Domingo. These are some of the experiences which came into that eventful life.

If I were asked to sum up in a word what made Frederick Douglass great, I should say a noble purpose, fixed and unchangeable, a purpose to render to mankind the largest possible service. Verily he has served us well, faithfully, unselfishly, and now, full of years and full of honors, loaded with such distinctions as this poor world has to give, he dies, dies as he lived, a brave, strong, good man. No more shall we behold that manly form. No more shall we listen to those eloquent lips upon which for over fifty years so many thousands have hung with rapture, those eloquent lips that made his name famous in two hemispheres, and will surely keep it so as long as freedom has a history. God grant that the mantle of this old hero may fall upon a worthy successor! God grant that our young men, contemplating his life and emulating his example, may be lifted up to a higher conception of life, of duty, of responsibility, of usefulness!

LIFE'S DEEPER MEANINGS.

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS DELIVERED AT CLARK UNIVERSITY, MAY 19, 1895.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
—*Longfellow.*

Life is a mystery, the profoundest mystery that confronts, or has ever confronted, the human understanding. What is it? Whence is it? Where is the goal of this fitful and fretful and feverish existence? Man knoweth not. The untutored savage, and the most highly cultivated intellect of all the ages stand equally mute in the presence of this ever-inviting, this ever-recurring question, What is life? Plato has reasoned, Darwin has investigated, Tyndall has experimented; yet the answer that comes back to our inquiry is but the faintest reverberation of the echo, What is life? Baffling in its lower as in its higher forms, it leaves no clue, it furnishes no thread by which the mind guiding its steps may arrive at the hidden mystery. On the body of the fabled hero there was at least one spot whereby the flying arrow might effect an en-

trance, but here there is no spot. Here every avenue is guarded. Here the goddess, as it were, stands arrayed in complete panoply, and man retiring from her presence still asks himself the question, What is life?

That secret is with God, and there must forever remain, for to understand it would be to understand him, as Tennyson has so well said in those exquisite lines to the little flower:

> " Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,—
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower; but if I could understand
> What you are—root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

This mysteriousness of life has affected men variously, as they have viewed it from one point and from another. It has given rise to numerous sects and various schools of philosophy, both Christian and Pagan, some of them differing diametrically from others, as for instance, the famous schools of the Stoics and the Epicureans; the one laying great stress on the sterner virtues of life, utterly deprecated pleasure; the other emphasized pleasure as the supreme object of all living. To the hermit, life was full of

mischievous influences which militated against the progress of the soul, and to escape these he deemed it absolutely necessary to withdraw from all contact with human society, and pass a solitary existence in the caverns of the desert. The fatalist saith: "Human life is controlled by an inexorable destiny, and man, whatever he may do, is but a toy in the hand of fate." The voluptuary saith: "This life is very short, at its best, let us, therefore, 'eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'" The skeptic saith: "This life is all a matter of chance. If not, why these glaring, these cruel inequalities of conditions? Why is it that vice is so often exalted, and virtue so often crushed? Why is it that the wicked prosper, while the righteous perish?" To all of which the agnostic complacently replies, "We don't know."

In the face of these divergencies, in the face of these misgivings and doubts—many of them honest—I am still inclined to range myself on the side of those who believe that life is a blessing, that it is beneficent in design, that it is governed by laws as unchangeable as those that govern the planets, and that by a close and diligent study into its deeper and hidden meanings, we may not only live it successfully,

but even rise superior to many of those things which are commonly called its ills and annoyances and disappointments. In truth, many of the so-called worries and vexations of life are but the legitimate offspring of our own shortsightedness or neglect or ignorance or indifference or recklessness. As finite beings we shall, of course, never be able to foresee all things, nor make adequate provision for all contingencies. Yet it is none the less true, that we often blame one another, blame society, blame government, blame the Almighty himself for afflictions and calamities, both personal and national, which might have been averted by the exercise of forethought on our part, or by a little deeper investigation into the nature of things. At the very threshold of our existence we are given a painful illustration of this fact. Happiness, we are told, once reigned supreme in the earth. Nor do we hear of any cavilling or complaining until law was rashly violated. Whereupon we hear of Adam blaming Eve, and Eve blaming the serpent, and again Adam blaming his Maker. "The woman," said he, "whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Unfortunately Adam was not the last person who, through a perverted use

of life, bringing ruin upon himself, charged it upon his God. St. James, however, with great force, acquits our Maker of the charges which we, in our petulance and blind ingratitude, are prone to heap upon him:

"Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil; neither tempteth he any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

Had our first parents been less presumptuous, had they paused to count the cost of the rash step they were about to take, had they in that early morning of the race, and of their own existence, inquired into the deeper meanings and purposes of life, we their descendants, might have been spared, at least, from experiencing the deeper meanings of sin, so graphically set forth in the passage just quoted. In their transgression, unfortunately, they were to be the prototypes of millions who were to follow—millions in every age, millions in our age, thousands all about us, hundreds whom we know. I could stand here this morning, and name, at least, fifty human wrecks that have come under my personal observation within the

last twenty years—wrecks that have not only gone down themselves; but, as usual, have drawn down many more with them into the maelstrom of woe. Yet all these, to my personal knowledge, had the privilege of looking out upon life from vantage ground. Like our first parents, they had youth on their side. They were in the morning of life. They had strength of limb, beauty of person, vigor of mind, the training of the schools, the advice of parents, the encouragement of friends. The world was before them. Bright prospects were luring them on. Success, rich and full, within the limits of law, was both possible and attainable. But making the same fatal mistake, reaching out after the things that are pleasing to the eye, gratifying to the senses, they bartered away a whole life of usefulness and happiness for one moment of sensuous enjoyment. Surely life was not intended for this. Life hath a deeper meaning, a higher value, a larger significance.

Not unfrequently, however, we find persons at the other extreme. So far from seeing any pleasure or enjoyment in life, they look upon life as a constant grind, without any let-up whatever. Some time ago I offered a man a job of work. "I shall be glad to

get it," he said, "for that's what I was put into this world for—to eke out a living. These hands were made to feed this mouth." Alas, how many there are to whom life seems nothing more than hands and mouth! With drooped head they go through this earth believing themselves predestined victims to "Necessity's sharp pinch." In vain does the bright blue sky arch itself over their heads. They see only the dark and sombre shades of life. Life to them is drudgery. They seem to endure rather than enjoy life. Like Atlas, they carry constantly upon their bending shoulders the weight of a world enveloped in cloud. But very recently I listened to an essay, read from this very platform—a doleful essay—written in cold, brown prose, and ending thus: "For life is a burden imposed upon us by God." That which gave peculiar significance to the statement was the fact that the author of it is a member of the senior class, soon to go forth and assume leadership among the people. It is unnecessary to say that such a creed radically unfits one for leadership. Nor will it bear the test of reason, observation, or experience. "During all his ministry," says an eminent author, "Jesus was fighting ideas of life which were false." Surely none

could be more false than this, that "life is a burden imposed upon us by God." God imposes burdens upon nobody. God is love. God intended us to be free in the broadest possible sense of the term, in order that we might render to Him cheerful service. Freedom is, indeed, the first condition requisite to voluntary heart service; for no man living or laboring under a sense of drudgery, under a sense of burden, could possibly exclaim with the Psalmist: "I delight to do thy will, O God." Nor yet with Paul: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." So far from imposing life upon us as a burden, God evidently intended life to be a constant delight. The whole visible creation is proof of this. Says a distinguished author:*

"Every sort of beauty has been lavished on our allotted home; beauties to enrapture every sense, beauties to satisfy every taste; forms the noblest and the loveliest, colors the most gorgeous and the most delicate, odours the sweetest and subtlest, harmonies the most soothing and the most stirring: the sunny glories of the day; the pale Elysian grace of moonlight; the lake, the mountain, the primeval forest,

* Greg, The Enigmas of Life, Quoted by Lubbock.

and the boundless ocean; 'silent pinnacles of aged snow' in one hemisphere, the marvels of tropical luxuriance in another; the serenity of sunsets; the sublimity of storms; everything is bestowed in boundless profusion on the scene of our existence; we can conceive or desire nothing more exquisite or perfect than what is round us every hour; and our perceptions are so framed as to be consciously alive to all. The provision made for our sensuous enjoyment is in everflowing abundance; so is that for the other elements of our complex nature. Who that has reveled in the opening ecstasies of a young Imagination, or the rich marvels of the world of Thought, does not confess that the Intelligence has been dowered at least with as profuse a beneficence as the Senses? Who that has tasted and fathomed human Love in its dawning and crowning joys has not thanked God for a felicity which indeed 'passeth understanding.' If we had set our fancy to picture a Creator occupied solely in devising delight for children whom he loved, we could not conceive one single element of bliss which is not here."

He who, living in the midst of such visible manifestations of love and benevolence, can pass them by

unheeded, can regard them as merely commonplace, can read in them no deeper meanings for body, mind, or soul—nothing to elevate the thought, nothing to cheer the heart, nothing to chasten or soften the feelings, nothing to enrich the whole life, and make it better, brighter, stronger, more hopeful, and more helpful, needs surely to have offered up in his behalf the prayer of Elisha, the prophet: "Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see." Ah me! I fear that too many of us need to have this prayer offered up in our behalf. Too many of us go moping through this world, having eyes that see not and ears that hear not. To too many of us, I fear, may be justly applied the lines of Wordsworth with reference to Peter Bell:

"He traveled here, he traveled there,
But not the value of a hair
Was head or heart the better.

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain through every changing year,
Did nature lead him as before;
A primrose on a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

It is said that when the Indian savages first beheld Niagara they fell reverently to the earth on their faces before the sweeping might and majesty of that mightiest of cataracts. In the hearts of those savages there was something which might well be coveted by civilized man who stalks through this earth with a soul insensible to the loveliness and significance of his surroundings.

The book of nature is as much God's book as the book of revelation. In fact, they are both a revelation, and were both meant to be read as a help to meditation, to devotion, to cheerful living. Indeed, in these latter days when men have become so wise as not only to dispute the Bible, but to desire to demolish it; when some would banish it not only from our schools, but from our civilization—the civilization whose best features are the product of its teachings—when a German professor can sit in his study and by means of the "higher criticism," prove that

the Bible doesn't mean now what it meant to our old mothers and fathers; that the Lord didn't mean to say this, and didn't mean to say that, especially if it is something that condemns our vices or our pride—I say, in these days of lax notions about Deity and Revelation, it is very comforting, I sometimes think, that we have left us, at least, one thing which these hypercritical critics can neither deny nor destroy, namely the evidence of a loving God all about us in this universe. For it matters not whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or not. It matters not whether Job is or is not author of the book bearing his name. It matters not whether Paul or some one else wrote the epistle to the Hebrews. *We* know who arched the rainbow and hung it in the sky with its matchless colors. *We* know who laid the foundations of the eternal hills, and clad their slopes and summits with perennial verdure. *We* know who poured around all "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste." *We* know who daily sends forth his sun, that, like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and as a strong man to run a race, girdles this old earth, lights it, warms it, fructifies it, that it may bring forth and bud, and give seed

to the sower and bread to the eater. Yea, *we* know whose works these are.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodnes beyond thought."

Yes. The book of nature is God's book, and many lessons helpful to mortals are written on the leaves of the trees, on the petals of the rose, on the calyx of the lily. Saith Wordsworth:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for ~~human~~ tears."

I doubt very much if Wordsworth regarded life as a "burden imposed by God."

One of the most charming, delightful, and helpful of living English authors* says:

"Nature always seems trying to talk to us as if she had some great secret to tell. And so she has. . . . Earth and Sky, Woods and Fields, Lakes and Rivers, the Mountain and the Sea, are excellent schoolmas-

*Sir John Lubbock in "Uses of Life."

ters, and teach some of us more than we can learn from books. Nature calms, cools, and invigorates us. She renders the mind more serene, more cheerful."

In the life and teachings of Christ there is nothing that stands out in bolder relief than his evident love of nature, his sympathy with it, his frequent allusion to it. His life, indeed, is inseparably associated with mountains and gardens and trees and brooks and rivers and seas. When "despised and rejected of men," when spurned and persecuted with malignant hate, He seemed to retire almost instinctively into the warm bosom and loving embrace of nature. Whenever he desired to communicate something solemn or important to his disciplies, He usually withdrew from the haunts of men. His famous sermon, unapproached and unapproachable in the fullness, sweep, and depth of its meaning, was preached on a mountain, so that it has taken its name from the place where it was delivered. To those who were slaves to Mammon, those who, as we would say now, have an eye to business, who are so absorbed in scraping up and getting material gains, that they may lay up treasure upon earth, and secure the "meat that perisheth," He said: "Take no

thought for your life, what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment." Alas! for how many does life have no deeper meaning than something to eat and something to drink and something to put on. "Behold," saith Christ, "the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" To the worshiper of dress he says: "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Does this phase of Christ's life contain for us no distinct or hidden meaning? Are we to suppose that his frequent references to objects in nature were simply accidental? Or may we not rather infer, at least, that realizing the helpful and soothing influences of natural scenery and natural objects upon his own life, while tabernacling here in the flesh, He wished to recommend the same for our contemplation? It would be just

like Christ to do that; for He was anxious not to leave us comfortless.

But, turning now from nature to man, I examine myself, and find that I am a wonderful piece of mechanism—"fearfully and wonderfully made." There is not a principle in mechanics that has not its prototype in my body. Lever, screw, pulley, wheel—all are here in this complex organism of mine. I compare this with the best piece of mechanism man has ever produced. I go into a hall of machinery, into a factory. I see the mighty engine in motion. I see the belts overhead and about me, connecting the various wheels, and communicating power from the center to the different parts of the system. I see the wheels and spindles revolving, the shuttles flying. I not only see, but hear these things; for though the machinery is perfect, all its parts admirably adjusted with a view to harmony, yet there is noise, there is clatter,; and I see men stationed at different points to care for the several parts which make up the system of machinery. I see the fireman, whose duty it is to keep the fire under the boiler. I see the engineer, whose duty it is to run the engine. I see men here, there, and everywhere employed; among

them I see certain ones taking around oil-cans with long, slender nozzles, and pouring in a little oil here and a little oil there to prevent friction that might finally stop all movement, and even produce disaster. I look back upon myself and observe that this piece of machinery of mine has been running fifty-four years, and yet I have hardly been conscious of the fact that I am in possession of it. It runs so noiselessly, so smoothly. Even the engine within me, that small but mighty engine, the heart, which is constantly forcing the blood to the extremities of the body, does its work so easily and noiselessly that I am hardly conscious of having a heart. The machinery runs without friction, without the use of an oil-can.

Now, I might have been made differently. You might have been made differently. We might have been constructed like a clock or watch, that needs winding with a key at stated and regular periods to perpetuate motion, say every night just before retiring. Had this been the case, no one of us would be here to-day. Long ago the earth would have been depopulated; for some of us would have misplaced our keys, some of us would have lost them, and some of us would have forgotten to wind up before retiring,

and where would we be in the morning? A homely illustration this, I admit, and one to provoke a smile; but, in all seriousness, I cannot conceive of a more conclusive proof of God's intention that life should be a constant delight than this perfect immunity from care for our own physical organisms.

Again, it is an old adage that nature never forgives sins, that her laws are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, that over the portals of her temple are written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." All this is true. And yet, though nature may not forgive sin, she always sympathizes with the sinner. Physicians tell us that one of the most touching experiences in their practice is the observation of how nature endeavors to assist them in their treatment of the sick; how she responds to their medicine, and tries to repair the breach made in her own law; how, like a tender nurse or fond mother bending over a wayward boy, she tries to heal his wounds and revive him. Whose wise and beneficent provision is this? Who, in the face of these facts, will rise and tell me that "life is a burden imposed upon us by God"? Nay, it is only when I view life in this light, and couple with it the thought of its eternal duration, that I get

a glimpse of what life really means, and of the unspeakable love of God in creating us as he has. For never did ship-owner, launching his craft upon the sea for a long and perilous voyage, make such ample provision for her safety and success as the beneficent God has made for the safety and success of these individual lives of ours freighted with eternal destinies

Let us, then, not be despondent, but hopeful; for it will make very great difference in a man's work and in a man's success, whether he enters upon life with hope in his heart, with joy in his soul, with sunshine on his brow, or whether he enters upon it with gloomy forebodings and the feeling that every step of the way is through shadow.

The leaders of a people should be hopeful, should be cheerful, and capable of mental and spiritual endurance, especially the leaders of a people with slave ancestry. If you wish to know what I mean by this, read the history of those Israelites whom Moses had to lead out of Egypt. Slave-born and slave-bred, with the habits and vices of slavery in their blood, with the animal in their natures abnormally developed, they could see no meaning in life beyond the immediate gratification of their passions, their appetites,

their lusts. They had a perfect repugnance to long-continued effort in any direction—a very noticeable characteristic in the lives of all people who for many generations have had no other spur to action, except the spur of fear. With such people the question never is, How well can we do this or that piece of work? but, How soon can we be rid of it? never, How shall the end be? but, Where shall the end be? Consequently, they endeavor to reach ends by the shortest cut, and secure by trickery and knavery what might better be secured by honest and patient effort. As might be expected, then, these Israelites were fretful, vacillating, despondent, always ready to halt, ready to whine, to complain, to murmur. Their gratitude for any benefit was only momentary. Hardly across the Red Sea, we hear them murmuring against Moses. "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us, to carry us forth out of Egypt? Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone, that we may serve the Egyptians? For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians, than that we should die in the wilderness." Not long after that we hear them

singing with Moses a song of deliverance unto the Lord. "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." "And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." In almost the next verse we have an account of their arrival at Marah. "And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?" The next scene of their discontent was the "wilderness of Sin." "And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness: And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full: for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger." Journeying on from Sin, they "pitched in Rephidim; and there was no water for the people to drink. Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses

said, Why chide ye with me? wherefore do ye tempt the Lord? And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst? And Moses cried unto the Lord, saying, What shall I do unto this people? They be almost ready to stone me."

The climax, however, of all this outrageous conduct was to be witnessed at the foot of Sinai where, while Moses was in the mount with God, these people were worshipping the golden calf they had made. "And it came to pass as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing, and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hand, and break them beneath the mount."

Some say that Moses lost his balance here. Well, any man would be more than saint who would not lose his balance under such circumstances. Any man's anger that would not wax hot in the presence of such outrageous and exasperating conduct would not wax hot anywhere. One might as will criticise the act of Christ in overturning the tables of the money-changers, and whipping the mercenary Jews out of his

Father's temple as to blame Moses for throwing down, and breaking those tables. To me it is no wonder he threw them down. The greater wonder is that he did not throw them on those fickle, rebellious idolatrous people and break something else. A smaller man than Moses would have done that. He would have assumed all possible dignity, and said, "You worthless, ungrateful wretches, you are unworthy of my services and sacrifices in your behalf. Henceforth you may go to eternal destruction." But Moses was a different type of man. He was a great man. He had large hope in his soul, large sympathy, and patience. He was admirably fitted for a leader. He loved his people. He sympathized with them. When God proposed to destroy them, and raise up out of him a great people, he plead that his people be spared. He knew their faults; but made allowance for their faults. He could see things as they could not. They were living, as most of us live, "on the crust and rind of things." To Moses life had a deeper meaning, and God's purposes in his own life, and in the life of those Jewish people had infinite significance. He would not leave his people, though they were disobedient, though they were ungrateful, though

they continually murmured against him. He felt, too, that he had had superior advantages. He had been reared in a court. He had enjoyed the training of the schools. Nay, he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. He was strong. They were weak and degraded, by no fault of their own. How could he leave them? How could he forsake them? Moses was a splendid model of unselfish sacrifice for his race.

And yet I would not leave the impression this morning that the whole duty of a man is to toil for his own race. Nor would I leave even Moses before your minds as the loftiest ideal to inspire any one to a life of largest usefulness; for Christ has given an immeasurably deeper meaning to life than Moses. Christ, by precept and example, has broadened our sympathies, enlarged our sphere of duty, and taught us that any man wounded by the wayside is our neighbor. Had it not been for teachings like these, this school would not be here to-day. Yonder seminary would not crown the hill it does. Atlanta, Nashville, New Orleans, would not be such centers of light as they are. Let us, therefore, as we go through life, lend the helping hand to the needy brother. Let us

dry up the tear of sorrow streaming down the cheek, whether that cheek be dusky or fair. Let us heal the wounded heart, whether that heart throbs in the bosom of an Indian, a Caucasian, or an African.

And now, young ladies and gentlemen, members of the senior class,, all that I have said in my hasty, running remarks, I have said with special reference to you, and if any of my utterances shall have the effect of making you more hopeful, more cheerful to enter upon the duties of life, I shall feel amply rewarded for my feeble effort. You are standing to-day where I stood once, where hundreds have stood before, on the isthmus which connects two worlds—the little world of the school and the larger world of action and responsibility, into which in a few days you must enter. It is, of course, unnecessary to tell you that you take with you the hopes and prayers of your teachers. Some of us know the dangers to which you will be exposed, the temptations by which you will be assailed, the hardships to which you will be subjected; but be strong, be courageous, be patient, be hopeful. We have confidence in you that you will be fair representatives of us and of the school. We are forced to believe that life means more to you now

than it did seven or eight years ago when you entered this institution. With this larger view of life you are now to go forth, and, with the help of God, enlarge the lives of others. Be faithful, and whatever work for mankind comes to your hands to do, do it in love and in humility, as Jesus did.

Young men, don't be in a hurry to distinguish yourselves. Don't feel when you go into a strange community, that it is necessary to inform the people how wise you are, and what vast stores of learning you possess. Too many are doing that now, wasting precious time and life. Life was not made for that. Life hath a deeper meaning. If you know anything, if you are of any value to the community, the people will discover it in time, and give you credit for it; and if they do not, you can better afford to go without such recognition than not to have merited it. The best way to distinguish yourselves is to do your work well; do it so faultlessly that when some one follows you, he will not only recognize readily that a master has been there; but that whosoever that master was, he had more than a bread-and-butter interest in his work—he took delight in it. Indeed, if a new beatitude were needed, and I were asked to supply it, I

should say, Blessed is the man who early in life findeth his work, and taketh pleasure in the doing thereof, for he shall never be disappointed. Put your life into your work.

Young ladies, there is a vast and important field open to you. You are to build up the homes of a race. Having enjoyed the blessings of one for several years on this campus, it is expected that you will go forth to give deeper meaning to home life among the people. It will devolve upon you to teach them that home life does not mean kenneling together like wild beasts, nor does it mean costly furniture and rich tapestry, for there may be more moral worth under homespun than under silk, and more real happiness in a Christian log cabin than in a godless mansion, whose floors are spread with English velvet and whose windows are draped with lace curtains. It will devolve upon you to teach them that a home means mutual respect and mutual affection, mutual confidence and harmonious co-operation. When Prof. Tanner, whom you all know and love, returned from Paris two years ago, he told me many strange and interesting things about that beautiful but wicked city, and among them this: that the man who sets the fashions for Paris, and, of course,

for the world, is an American, and that before the door of his establishment, "from early morn till dewy eve," there are more carriages and more people to be seen than before the doors of any half-dozen other establishments. May it never be said of the young ladies of the class of '95, that they were found standing before the temple of fashion while their ignorant and degraded sisters were perishing for lack of Christian instruction.

Yet once again, young ladies and gentlemen. As most of you have taken the normal course, we have reasons to believe that you intend to teach. Be proud of your profession. No more important or sacred work was ever committed to the hands of men or angels. Know ye that those who, day by day and week by week, sit in the quiet retirement of the school-room, manipulating those unseen forces of the mind, are striking upon chords whose vibrations shall be felt in eternity. Some one has beautifully said that the teacher is like a candle which consumes itself while lighting others. Happy will it be for you, if at the end it may be written on your tombstone: "Here lies one who consumed his own life enlightening the lives of others."

NEGRO EDUCATION—ITS HELPS AND HINDRANCES.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, AT MADISON, WIS., JULY 16, 1884.

I appreciate most heartily the invitation extended to me to speak before you to-night with regard to the educational interests of my people in the South. Nor can I well suppress within me the feeling that this act of courtesy on your part was prompted by a generous consideration for a race long obscured, but now hopefully struggling into light under the benign influences of Christian liberty. Surely, too, it will be a little encouraging to that race to think that, notwithstanding all the discouragements of the past, notwithstanding all the embarrassments, notwithstanding all the misgivings and speculations with regard to its intellectual and moral capacity, it has, nevertheless, within twenty short years of freedom, been found worthy of recognition by you, and given to-day several representatives among the educators of this great nation. Verily the world has been moving, and we have been moving in it.

But whatever may have been the advancement of the race within these years, whatever its progress, it

would ill become me, I suppose, to speak of it at all in a boastful manner; for that advancement, that progress, is due as much, I suspect, to your generous assistance, as to our earnest endeavors. As a race, we have been greatly helped in our struggles up toward a higher and better life; helped from many and from various directions; helped by the Nation, the State, and the Church; helped by individuals, and helped by organizations; helped in money and helped in prayers. In a word, the history of the nineteenth century does not present a page more luminous, a page more creditable to our civilization, than that on which are recorded the benevolences of the American people to their "brother in black." As a representative of the race, I take very great pleasure in making before you to-night this grateful acknowledgement.

Nor would we, on the other hand, have you ignore the fact that we have also helped ourselves. Freedom was a great educator to the Negro, as it usually has been to other people. Indeed, it must ever be the base of all true education, whether of a race or of an individual. To build upon anything narrower would be useless; for when you begin to educate a human being it is hard to tell to what altitude he may rise.

Let him feel that the earth is beneath him, God above him, and nothing in the intermediate space to check his growth or chill his aspirations, and then you may begin to teach him the alphabet.

Many things, doubtless, have come to the Negro in this country in the inverted order, but his freedom and his education in the natural. Under the inspiration of the former, and the light reflected from the latter, he has been enabled, within the last two decades, to learn quite a number of things about himself and other people, and has been led to the discovery of this simple but solemn truth, namely, that whatever may be the number of his friends, and however unbounded their generosity, a true and manly independence can only be reached by self-exertion.

How this discovery has affected his character and influenced his actions is apparent, I think, to any candid and observant mind. It may be seen in his desire to acquire landed property—to own some spot of ground upon which he may stand up erect, and which, unencumbered, he may transmit to posterity; it may be seen in his efforts for more and better education. Never was there a time in the history of this country when there were so many colored children in

school as there are to-day. Never was there a time when the colored people, independent of State aid, supported so many private schools for the education of their children as they are supporting to-day. Indeed, it is not uncommon now to find, even in the rural districts of the South, here and there, a settlement where the three-months summer school provided by the State is supplemented by a three-months winter school sustained by the parents. One of the very best graded schools in the city of Atlanta—a school that would reflect no discredit on the city of Madison—one of the very best graded schools, with kindergarten attached, taught by a proficient corps of white lady teachers from the North, enrolling nearly five hundred pupils annually, and annually sending away from its doors, because of lack of room, scores of applicants for admission, this school, I say, has for the last six years been supported by the colored people of Atlanta as a private school; partly because the educational facilities afforded by the city have not been quite adequate to the demand made upon it for instruction, and partly because of the excellence of the work ever done in that school. From one who has a right to know I learn that, within the last six years, the colored people

have paid into that school, for the education of their children not less than $20,000. Certainly this looks a little like effort on the part of the Negro to help himself to an education. I am informed that similar schools exist in other large cities of the South. I know that such do exist in the cities of Charleston and Savannah.

Last year, in the four institutions of higher learning, established in Atlanta by Northern benevolence, there were, in round numbers, twelve hundred students. Of these, Atlanta University enrolled 310; Clark University, 222; the Baptist Seminary for males, about 140, and the Baptist Seminary for females, 500. But Atlanta is only one of the great centers of education in the South. There is Nashville, literally girdled by institutions; there is New Orleans. In fact, you will find to-day in every Southern State, one or more institutions for the higher training of Negro youth, and the very fact that all these institutions are more or less crowded yearly, and the very fact that frequent appeal goes out from them to Christian philanthropy for more buildings, for increased accommodations, are proof conclusive, I think, that the Negro not only appreciates the advantages held

out to him, but is also exerting himself to enjoy them.

Dr. Ruffner, for many years superintendent of public instruction for the State of Virginia, in one of his reports, a few years ago, bore this testimony to the credit of the Negro: "He wants to do right, and is the most amiable of races. The Negro craves education, and I believe his desire has increased; it certainly has not diminished. He makes fully as great sacrifices to send his children to school as the laboring classes of the whites. The civilization of the race is progressing, and even faster than his thoughtful friends anticipated."

I turn for a moment from the school to the Church, where evidences of self-help are as striking, if not more so. To be brief, and to speak from accurate knowledge, I will confine myself to the work of the denomination with which I am connected. Immediately after the war, the Methodist Episcopal Church entered the South, and began its work among the colored people. To-day it has among them a membership of 200,000, superintended by the same bishops who preside over the work here in the North. At the beginning, twenty years ago, and for some years

after, all the Churches among the colored people were supported, either in whole or in part, by funds from the Missionary Society. To-day, it is safe to say nearly one half of them are self-supporting. In the Savannah Conference, included within the State of Georgia, we have 15,000 members, and about a hundred churches. Of the latter, fifty-six are entirely self-supporting.

I have dwelt on these particulars because, unfortunately, there are still some persons who, reading Negro history with their prejudices rather than with their eyes, deny us even the credit for what little we have achieved for ourselves, and persist in holding us up to the public as that abnormal baby which never grows, which cannot grow, and which the American people must nurse for all time.

In the *North American Review* for this very month, Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in a discussion of the "Future of the Negro," has this remarkable passage: "For fifteen years, every means that Congress could devise has been supplied to the Negro race to enable them to attain a condition which will protect them in all their rights, liberties, and privileges that are enjoyed by the whites. To the personal and political

power of the ballot have been added the guardianship of the Freedmen's Bureau, the Freedmen's Bank and its branches, the civil rights statutes, and all the power of tyrannical courts to enforce their alleged civil rights; and still they are no stronger as a race, and probably no better as individuals than they were at the beginning of these efforts." I say this is a remarkable passage; remarkable because coming from a United States Senator, who ought to be better informed with regard to a race in whose midst he lives. He cannot see that we are stronger as a race, or better as individuals, than we were fifteen years ago, and that, too, in the face of the following array of facts, which were collected, not by black,* but by white, men, and widely circulated a short time ago through the medium of the press: "The colored people have nearly 1,000,000 children in school; publish over 80 newspapers; furnish nearly 16,000 school-teachers; about 15,000 students in the high schools and colleges; about 2,000,000 members in the Methodist and Baptist Churches; own 680,000 acres of land in Georgia alone, and over 5,000,000

*I learned since that these statistics were collected by Dr. Alexander Crummel, of Washington, D. C., the Nestor of Negro Scholars.

in the whole South; the increase in the production of cotton since emancipation has been 1,000,000 bales per year, or one-third more than that raised while working under the lash; and had deposited in the fraudulent Freedmen's Bank $56,000,000; besides, colored men have engineered and nearly completed a railroad in North Carolina, and they are assessed $91,000,000 of taxable property." The editor of the paper from which this bit of information was clipped, asks the question, "How do these facts impress you, when you consider that this race did not own itself twenty-two years ago?" I repeat the question, "How do these facts impress you," gentlemen? Have they at all any significance? Are they at all indicative of industry, of thrift, of economy, of growth, intellectual and moral? If they are, then verily the Negro, outside of the help he has received from friendly sources, has helped himself creditably in all those things which pertain to the building up of an intelligent and virtuous people. I am aware, of course, that all our achievements, taken in the aggregate, are but small, compared with the vast responsibilities which still lie before us; but they, nev-

ertheless, constitute a beginning, and that beginning is very auspicious.

The unfairness of our critics lies, usually, in the fact that they see but one side of the question; for, while they recognize very readily our weaknesses and our vices, and while, for the purpose of bringing out into bold relief those weaknesses, they invariably marshal to the front our helps; somehow, and in some way, the other fact seems to escape them, namely, that we have also had some hindrances. Let us consider some of these in a dispassionate way.

At the close of the war, the Negro found himself in the condition of a man who wakes up out of sleep in the midst of a dream in which all things seemed strange and confused. It took him some time to adjust himself to the new state of affairs. He was restless; he could hardly realize that he was free. As the impotent man, sitting at the gate of the temple, when healed by Peter, not only praised God, but walked and leaped to satisfy himself of the genuineness of his cure, so the Negro, to test his freedom, began to move about. His movements, at first, were individual, then general, as leaders sprang into existence; and it is really remarkable how many are the leaders

when the masses are ignorant. For the first ten or twelve years after the war nothing was more common in the South than leaders. Every little politician, every crank, constituted himself a Moses to lead the Negro somewhere; and various were their cries. One cried, "On to Arkansas!" and another "On to Texas!" and another "On to Africa!" and each one had a following more or less. One man told me that he had succeeded in leading away from South Carolina and Georgia to Arkansas and Texas 35,000 persons. That was in 1874. In December, 1879, the following appeared in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* published at New Orleans:

"The departure of Negroes from Texas to Kansas and the North has assumed large proportions the past few weeks. On an average, from 1,000 to 1,200 have gone every week. As a rule, they are of the better class, and have money to pay their fares, or to go on teams, and have something left to buy homes with. While the larger numbers go by railroad, many are going with teams. In one camp, one of our ministers counted two hundred going thus, leisurely and comfortably. On the International Railroad over two hundred tickets were sold at a small

station in one day. The company had been several days gathering at that point. We went into one car and counted *ninety*, men, women, and children. They all had first-class tickets—the railroad will sell no others to them—and the fare of that company, in that one car, amounted to over $1,000. Just now the tide flows from Waller and Grimes counties. Private meetings are being held in many other counties, and every indication is that there will be a much greater movement in the spring than even the one going on now."

Besides these spontaneous and voluntary movements there were also forced movements—movements caused by tyrannical and unjust treatment—such as the memorable exodus some few years ago, when thousands fled from the levees of Mississippi to perish in the snows of Kansas. Now, whatever good may have resulted from any of these movements, and I am not prepared to say that individuals were not benefited by some of them, it has ever been my opinion that, by keeping the people in an unsettled state, and by frequently disturbing the growth of the home, they hindered much the cause of popular education.

Again, no one, I suppose, will question the truth

of the assertion that the South, at the close of the war, was not in a condition to undertake the education of the masses. Crippled in her resources, and without a common school system she was left to confront the most awful responsibilities ever thrust upon a people. That she succeeded as soon as she did in establishing a common school system is creditable to her common sense and good judgment.

But if the South was not in a condition at the close of the war to enter upon the education of the masses, neither was she in any mood to rush enthusiastically into the work of Negro education. To prove that she was would be to prove that human nature has undergone a radical change. But Mrs. Partington says that she finds that there is a good deal of the old "human natur" in folks to-day. The South grew gradually up to the idea of Negro education, some States, to their credit, leading off in advance of others. I don't know which was first. I do know that Georgia was not last; for, as late as July, 1879, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, writing in one of the leading magazines of the country on the "Education of the Freedmen," says: "With this enlightened policy of other States, it surprises us to find that in Ken-

tucky the colored race have no share of the common school fund, and are oppressed by peculiar laws. A colored school-house is not allowed within a mile of a white school, nor in towns within six hundred feet." It is easy to see, then, that the present state of affairs in the South, as they relate to education in general, and to Negro education in particular, did not fly into existence at the stroke of a magician's wand, nor sprang they forth, as the fabled goddess, full-armed from the head of Jupiter. They are the result of gradual and steady growth. But, as the old adage has it, "While the grass is growing the horse is starving"; so, while things were taking years to settle down, while opinions were conflicting one with another, while the Southern mind was seeking a stable equilibrium, while public sentiment was crystallizing around the idea of popular education, the black child, and the white child, too, had to wait impatiently for their intellectual pabulum; and, had it not been for the timely efforts of the Christian Church, during those years of uncertainty and delay; had it not been for the philanthropic heart of the North, that sent down to us, without stint, both money and men, it is hard to say what would have been the fate of the

black child, at least, and of the country in which he lives. The South, then, to be judged fairly to-day, must be judged not simply by what she has done, but also by what she has prepared to do; nor must the advancement of the Negro be judged merely by the length of time he has been free, as if that period had been one of uninterrupted progress, but also by the time it took to give him a start. I understand that in horse-racing and boat-racing a great deal of importance is attached to the start. Everything must be ready, the preparations complete, the oarsmen trained. To-day the Negro has a better start than he had twenty years ago. For this reason I shall expect more from him in the next twenty than in the last. He has now, as you have seen, several thousand trained teachers of his own race. Besides the continued aid of the Church, he has the benefit, little or much, of the common school fund throughout the South, and, more than this, he is receiving gradually the recognition, sympathy, and influence of some of the best white men of the South. Prominent among these, and pre-eminently worthy of recognition, is Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, of Georgia, the morning star of a better day, the Christian knight, whose

white plume, seen in the thickest of the fray, is rallying many stout hearts and strong hands to the cause of humanity. His church, or, rather, the branch of the Christian Church to which he belongs, has established a school for colored youth in the city of Augusta, Ga.—Payne Institute—at the head of which is Dr. Callaway, assisted by Prof. Walker, of South Carolina, and others, all Southern men. That school to-day is the lone star of Southern Methodism; but it shines with an auspicious light. It will be the brightest star in a constellation of similar schools by and by. The world is moving, and its movements are ever in the direction of humanity. Gethsemane and Calvary shall yet conquer.

Some time ago I read an article written by an Ohio man who seemed to know all about us. He had spent a couple of years in the South teaching Negroes. From the tone of his article it was evident that he had been disappointed in more ways than one. At any rate, in that article, he poured out without stint his vials of wrath upon the Negroes' heads. He told all about them, what they could do and what they couldn't; and that article was made up of more couldn'ts than coulds. Among other defects of the

race, he made the marvelous discovery that Negro children down South couldn't learn as fast as white children up in Ohio. Well! When I read that I said to myself, If black children down on Southern plantations and white children up in Ohio are expected to-day to move *pari passu* along the lines of education, it is high time for our Anglo-Saxon friends to begin a thorough revision of their philosophy. To leave out of consideration an inheritance of two thousand years of trained intellect, the white child's cradle was rocked by an intelligent hand; his early footsteps directed by an intelligent mind. It was his good fortune to be born in an intelligent home. From the time when his eyes and his ears opened, he has been receiving instruction. There are pictures on the wall for him to gaze upon; there are carpets on the floor for him to walk upon. There is neatness, there is comfort, there is order in that home—that home more potent in its influences than school or college. The white child hears intelligent conversation daily; daily he imbibes new ideas. He is in a magnificent school. How many are his helps, how few his hindrances!

Come with me to the cabin of the South—I will

not call it a home. Look into it. Perhaps it is one room, in which live father, mother, and several children. In this they cook and eat and sleep. Father and mother are not models of intelligence; O, no! Poor creatures!

> "Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll."

Here are no art decorations; here nothing to instruct the eye, to elevate the soul. Here the ear drinks in more often the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." Yet, here, too, is a school; and the black child is pupil here. Alas! how few are his helps; how many his hindrances!

Recognizing this fact, namely, that the education of the colored people must be greatly hindered so long as the home militates against the school, the various Christian denominations laboring in the South have begun, in connection with their institutions of learning, the establishment of "model homes," or "schools of domestic economy," where our girls are taught to do all manner of housework, and are instructed in all the proprieties pertaining to a well-regulated Christian home.

To meet the question now which might be rising in your minds, and which has been asked me at different times by white friends, "Why do not our people, as they are now accumulating means, move out of those cabins and build them good homes?" I reply, that many have done so, and are doing, all over the South. In the city of Atlanta, the colored people have secured many comfortable and some few elegant homes. I find, however, that the majority of those who have done so are the younger people and their parents who have been reached by the schools, the former directly, the latter indirectly. The large number of the older people are inclined to cling to their former mode of living. In this they are not peculiar. They only illustrate the lack of taste and the power of association. To have men surround themselves with beautiful things there must be first created within them a taste for the beautiful. In these cabins, too, the older people have experienced their joys and their sorrows. Their little ones were born here. Their aged ones died here. If, therefore, it be true that "home is where the heart is," these cabins are their homes, notwithstanding they are a hindrance to the education of the people.

But I must hasten to a close, for I wish to tell you in a few brief sentences what I regard above all and above every other, the greatest and most aggravating hindrance to the education of the Negro in this country, and I shall speak very plain, for he who has convictions and not the courage to express them, is unworthy to stand where I am standing to-night. I say that the most aggravating hindrance to the education of the Negro to-day, is this counter-education which is continually going on in society.

In the school-room the Negro is taught one thing; in society another. In the school-room he is instructed in the same Bible which you study. He is taught that God made him, that Christ redeemed him, that the Holy Spirit sanctifies him. In society he is taught that, although God made him and Christ died for him, yet there is a vast difference between a white man and a black, a wall of partition between a Jew and a Samaritan, between a Brahmin and a Pariah. In the school-room he is taught the dignity of manhood after the American idea—taught that

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

In society he is taught that rank or no rank, although

a man, he is a black man; hence not a man "for a' that." In the school-room he is taught that character is the only shibboleth demanded in civilized society, that learning, that culture and refinement, are the only passports needed. In society he is taught that whatever may be his character, his culture, or his refinement, he must not attempt to enter any and every hotel in this country, and that he must sometimes, after paying first-class fare, ride with his family in a second-class smoking-car among drunkards and blasphemers. It was only two weeks ago I read in the *Christian Advocate*, the leading paper of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published in New York City, the following:

"Prof. R. T. Greener has recently made an extended tour through the Southern States. His opinions of the progress of his race—as reported by the daily press—are worthy of great respect. Few men are better qualified to form a correct judgment. He finds more pride of race, more independence of character, greater neatness of dress, a stronger desire to enter business, and increasing thirst for education. He expresses high admiration for the work of the missionary teachers. He found the Negro not only in the cotton

field and tobacco factory, but acting as carpenter, wheelwright, hackman (often owning the stable), blacksmith, brakeman, and in other avocations. He returns very greatly encouraged as to the future of his race. It is a burning disgrace that this cultured gentleman was four times ordered out of 'first-class' cars, and it is to his credit that in each case he refused to go."

Now, who is this Prof. Greener? He is nothing less than a graduate from old Harvard. I know him well, and knew his mother before him. But what does society care about a Harvard graduate, if his complexion is tinged with the hated color? Prof. Greener's is very little tinged. He is nearer your color than mine. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I submit, here are two lines of education running counter to each other. Here are two forces acting upon the Negro, one in a straight line along the plane of manhood, the other urging him downward. Consequently, if you would find his true position in society, you must seek it along the resultant of these two forces, and whenever found it will be a position beneath the American idea of manhood—beneath God's. What is to be the outcome of this? It must certainly be

clear to you that the more you educate a man, the more sensitive you make him to bad treatment. What is to be the outcome? There are men who are devising makeshifts, men who, in the language of Dr. Callaway, of Georgia, are inquiring, "What shall we do with the Negro?" instead of "What shall we do for him?" You can't do anything with him. He is in God's hands. You can do much for him. You can do simple justice to him. In the *Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1883, Prof. E. W Gilliam advises colonization as the only "remedy." Colonize whom? Colonize men with the ballot in their hands, and with half the white people protesting against their departure? For Anglo-Saxons will fight over ideas, and to many of them the Negro in this country represents an idea. Colonization will not solve the problem. The thousands that go will be as a "drop in the bucket" to the millions that remain.

Another author, in a pamphlet more remarkable for its bitterness than its logic, thinks we ought to be helped to go to the newly founded States of the Congo, where we may display our capacity for self-government in the land of our fathers. Now, that is worth a good deal as rhetoric; but surely the author is un-

happy in his reference to the land of our "fathers," for he has ignored the serious fact, that, of the six and a half millions of us in this country, fully a million and a half would have considerable difficulty in finding the land of our "fathers." Undoubtedly we should find in Africa the land of our mothers, but the land of our fathers we should certainly have to seek somewhere else. Perhaps along the shores of the North Sea and the borders of the Scandinavian peninsula.

The only remedy, then, for these social troubles, the only one which God can approve, is even-handed justice meted out to every man. Why, when the Almighty sent Columbus to discover this country, he did so because he was tired looking down upon the tyranny of the old world and the oppression of his people, and desired to establish here a home for mankind. It is said that Columbus, on landing, took possession of the new world in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. If that intrepid mariner had had the light of the nineteenth century, he would have taken possession of it in the name of God and humanity. I repeat, the solution of this race problem, so-called, must be simple justice meted out to your

brother man. Go, preach this in your pulpits. Go, teach this in your school-rooms. Go, educate the people up to where they stood in the days of George the Third, when they declared, and staked their lives and their fortunes on the declaration, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Go, teach this I say, in the spirit and in the letter, in the school-room and by the fireside; and twenty years hence, when some Negro addresses the National Educational Association of the United States, he will have the exquisite pleasure, denied me to-night, of thanking you for the helps, without reminding you of the hindrances.

PRESIDENT EDMUND ASA WARE.

DELIVERED AT MEMORIAL SERVICE, ATLANTA UNIVERSITY,

December 22, 1885.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus.
—*Horace.*

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
—*Geo. Linley.*

I am here to-day, in common with the friends and admirers of Mr. Ware, to contribute my part, whatever it may be worth, toward his well-earned meed of praise; and, if anybody shall suspect me, as I certainly do suspect myself, of being very partial to Mr. Ware while living, and very devoted to his memory now since he has passed away, that person will find no difficulty in accounting for the very high estimate which I am inclined to set on the character and services of my departed friend and teacher.

It was in the fall of 1873, when first I met Mr. Ware. I had just come to Atlanta for the purpose of

entering this school. I was a stranger, there being at that time but one man in all Georgia whom I had previously met, and with whom I had made a casual acquaintance. It was a time, too, of much spiritual depression with me. I was feeling sore. Indeed, I was just then somewhat in the condition of the man who, once upon a time, went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Nor was I far from that dangerous point where man begins to lose faith in his fellowman.

Under circumstances of this kind, on that gloomy October afternoon, I presented myself to Mr. Ware, over there in the ladies' hall, as a candidate for admission to this school. Whether he had the power to read men's minds, I cannot say; but this I do know, that every sentence which fell from his lips on that occasion seemed admirably suited to my condition. He sat down and talked with me for ten or fifteen minutes—talked as Mr. Ware could talk. For those of you who knew him, know well that he could say more in five minutes than some people can in five hours. *He* certainly did not talk to kill time, as they say. His manner of speech was terse, forceful, animated, in perfect harmony with that fervency of soul, with that restless activity which was so peculiarly

manifest in all his doings. On leaving him I could not but feel that I had met a man of strong personality—a man with force of character enough to impress himself upon others. Above all, I felt that I had been talking with a man who was living a higher life, living above the ordinary aims and petty ambitions of this world—a man who, though toiling in a field obscure and unpopular, was, nevertheless, entirely devoted to the cause he had espoused, and showed in every look and word and act, that he was sustained by a faith which rose sublimely above the mists and shadows of the present.

That first interview with Mr. Ware was very helpful to me. It inspired new hope. It made me feel that the world is not so bad after all; and that life is worth living, though it cost a desperate struggle to live it.

From that day to the time of his death, a period of twelve years, lacking one week, my faith in Mr. Ware was perfect; my admiration for his sterling, manly qualities kept growing and becoming more ardent. It is an old and well worn saying, "familiarity breeds contempt." This saying, however, is but partially true. Familiarity with little, narrow, selfish, shallow

men does breed contempt. There are some persons with whom we do not care to be acquainted more than a month; some, not more than a day, and some, forsooth, whom we may see through in an hour, and we have seen all there is to them. Nor are we specially anxious to meet them again, until we meet in heaven, where, it is to be hoped, our characters, through the grace of God, will be made perfect. On the other hand, there are some royal spirits in this world, given for the good of the race—noble souls, choice characters, which, as in all their beauty they unfold themselves to us daily, daily elicit our admiration, daily draw us to them with a force irresistible and binding. Mr. Ware was one of these characters.

He was a sincere man. I never knew any man who hated more thoroughly than he did all sham and hypocrisy and false pretense and double-dealing. With him everything was open and above board. He was frank. You could trust him. His word could always be relied on as being pure, unvarnished truth. Surely, too, if any man ever tried to impress upon the minds of his pupils an abhorrence of all that is false in principle and pernicious in practice, that man was Edmund Asa Ware. If, therefore, any

student educated at Atlanta University, in whole or in part, under the administration of Mr. Ware, has gone out, or shall go out, and prove recreant to principle, that student can never point back to this institution, and say that his vicious tendencies were indulged here, or looked upon with any degree of approval. Simple as a child, modest to a fault, conscientious in all his dealings with his fellowmen, Mr. Ware was preëminently fitted by nature, by culture, and by grace to stand at the head of a school whose influences are, in a large measure, to shape the destiny of Georgia.

The *New England Journal of Education*, in a tender tribute to his memory, and in words appreciative of his labors in this field, said that he had made this institution the first of its kind in the South. Well, it is a good school. It is doing, and has done, a magnificent work. But whether it be the first or fifth school of its kind, I certainly do know this, that it was always Mr. Ware's aim, as I believe it to be the aim of those who survive him, to have it just such a school as it professes to be—a school for the people, unhampered by sectarian bias or personal considerations—a school where thorough work shall be done

in the training of the mind, and where everything taught shall have in it as a seasoning and preservative quality the spirit that breathes from the Sermon on the Mount.

Planted here upon this hill, the institution stands to-day a monument to his energy, perseverance, and good judgment. In saying this I do not ignore the fact, that there are present those who are entitled to a share in this glory, and to a large share. I am not ignorant of the fact that Mr. Ware had for all these years as colleagues and helpers some of the best men and women to be found in all this broad land. But even this, I submit, is a proof of the greatness and good judgment of the man. "Without counsel," says Solomon, "purposes are disappointed; but in the multitude of counselors they are established." To select good counselors and colaborers, however, and to select them so that there shall be perfect unanimity among them with reference to the object in view; and to select them so that they shall work, each at his best in his own particular sphere, is certainly no easy task, and requires no ordinary powers of discernment and tact. The success, then, of this school, its marvelous and steady growth, together with the harmony that has prevailed in its administration, are

unmistakable proof, I think, of the judiciousness of the man who for twenty years stood at its head.

Mr. Ware was almost the embodiment of industry. In the twelve years I knew him I hardly ever found him idle. Unlike many people in this country, he never had any time to spare. He was always on the alert, always going, going, going; aye! and going very often, I fear, when he ought to have been resting. He always seemed to me like a man who had an important task to perform, and but limited time in which to perform it. Nor could it even be said of him what Longfellow has so touchingly said of the honest smith,—

> "Each morning sees some task begin,
> Each evening sees it close."

Indeed, that can hardly be said of any of the teachers laboring to-day in schools of this grade. Their task does begin with the morning, with the early morning; but I bear witness that it does not close with the evening.

This spirit of work, which so completely possessed Mr. Ware, he naturally endeavored to transfuse into his pupils. I shall never forget those talks he used to give to the students every year just before the closing of school for the summer vacation. With

what emphasis he used to say to the young men, "Now, if you can get schools to teach, it is well. Teach them. Do all the good you can. But if you can't get schools to teach, don't hesitate a minute to work with your hands. Go into the field, dig, hoe, pick cotton. Labor is honorable." Such were some of the wholesome teachings of this good man.

It was Mitchell, I think, the amateur astronomer, who said that God hung in the sky the beautiful planet Saturn, with its rings and its belts and its moons, to show us how the worlds were made. My friends, whether you have realized it or not, God gave us for twenty years a character resplendent with virtues and graces to move in and out among us, that we might see how men are made. If we have not profited by the example, ours is the fault, the loss is ours. But some of us have profited. Some of us will never forget Mr. Ware. One, I am certain, will not. When I shall forget all that that good man did and dared and suffered in our behalf, that day let my right hand wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. My little children, too, shall be taught to lisp his name with reverence, so that when I am gone and forgotten, he may still live in them as he now lives in me.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT WARE,

MAY 30, 1895.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd
And virtue is her own reward.

—*Prior.*

The scenes and occurrences of this day have opened up again the sluices of the memory, and flooded our souls with sensations at once pleasurable and sad. The life of a great and good man, with all that that life meant for you and for me, for civilization and for humanity, rises before us at this hour in all its simple grandeur and beauty and symmetry and strength. Alas, how poor things are words to delineate character! How utterly inadequate are they to express the emotions of the human heart! Dumb we stand today, almost dumb in the presence of that silent influence which radiates from yonder tomb. Character is its own interpreter. By its fruits only can ye know it. Happily, then, we are relieved from the framing of arguments and the marshalling of phrases to prove the genuine worth of the man whose memory we have

met to honor. His work shall be an index to his worth, and shall emphasize as words of mine never could his very large claim upon our gratitude.

Let us pause a moment and reflect. Let us take a retrospective view. Let us compare present with past conditions. Let us ask ourselves frankly a few questions. What are we to-day? What were we thirty years ago? What is it that has secured for us this permanent possession, this young and vigorous institution of learning that, like a perennial spring, is to send its helpful influences streaming down the ages? What is it that has made this spot an Olympia or a Mecca? What is it that has transformed these hills, once rugged and red, scarred and furrowed by the rude plowshare of war, into the sightliness and beauty which in every direction now greet the glad eye? What is it that has crowned these summits with stately buildings that, like silent sentinels, seem to keep watch over this growing city? What is it that has changed the dusky multitudes of the sixties, ragged and tattered, coarse and uncouth, ignorant and degraded, into the intelligent and elegantly dressed audiences which on every occasion now confront a speaker? What is it that has brought order

out of chaos? What is it that, in the short period of thirty years, has effected so complete and so marvelous a transformation? What is it, do you ask? It is the heroic effort of consecrated Christian lives, lives that wrought themselves patiently and lovingly into all which we this day see and admire and enjoy.

The little town of Wrentham, nestling among the hills of Massachusetts, has indeed laid the entire South under large and lasting obligations. Atlanta University was, so to speak, Mr. Ware's base of operations, the focus and center of his power; but the circumference is everywhere. The pebble thrown into the placid lake has set in motion waves that have kept widening, ever widening. Last summer while travelling in the interest of the Cotton States and International Exposition, through the southern and southwestern portions of this country, I found the graduates of the Atlanta University in every State. I found them in Alabama, in Mississippi, in Louisiana, in Texas, in Arkansas, in Tennessee. Wherever I found them they were at the front, making commendable effort for the elevation of their race. Indeed, in the State of Texas, the statement was repeatedly made in my presence, that the best scholar-

ship, the most thoroughly trained teachers in that State came from Atlanta University. I mention this, President Bumstead, neither to flatter you nor your faculty, and make you think more highly of yourselves than you ought. I mention it not to excite your pride, if indeed you have pride of the excitable sort; but to show that I am not indulging in sentiment, but dealing severely in facts, when I say that the little town of Wrentham, the birthplace of President Edmund Asa Ware, has laid the entire South under large and lasting obligations.

It would be useless, of course, to refer at all to the work of Mr. Ware in this State, were it not true to-day, as when uttered eighteen centuries ago, that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house. I am pleased, however, to notice the unmistakable and constantly increasing protest of the age against the sickly sentiment that lovingly follows the missionary into "far Cathay," but looks with unspeakable aversion on heathen perishing at their doors. Said Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Church, South, addressing a short time ago the students of Gammon Theological Seminary: "I utterly despise the man who canonizes a missionary

laboring in India or China; but speaks disparagingly of one laboring in our own land." This manly utterance of the bishop, which in itself proves him worthy to be a bishop, leaves one, nevertheless, to infer that some remnant of that sickly sentiment does yet exist, the existence of which could be my only possible excuse for consuming time now in referring to the work of Mr. Ware in the State of Georgia.

In 1866 he came to Atlanta, under the auspices of the American Missionary Association, and began the educational work which was coextensive with his life. In 1867 he was appointed Superintendent of Schools for the State of Georgia, under the Freedman's Bureau. Of this period of his work and influence General J. R. Lewis, who is happily present, and who at the time referred to was United States army officer in charge of bureau affairs, spoke as follows at the memorial service shortly after Mr. Ware's death:

"The reports of 1868 show two buildings in Atlanta costing over $10,000, with nearly 500 pupils, one at Macon worth $15,000, accommodating 500 pupils; one at Savannah worth $1,900 with 500 pupils; four in Augusta and 400 pupils; one at Ath-

ens, costing $6,000, and 250 pupils; one at Columbus, one at Americus, one at Griffin, one at Jonesboro, one at Milledgeville, one at Thomasville, one at Bainbridge, one at Andersonville, one at Cartersville, and all filled with pupils. In addition churches at Rome, Marietta, LaGrange, Newnan, Americus, and many other points were put in repair and occupied for school purposes. The reports show over 350 teachers at work, the most of them educated, trained, and disciplined as teachers in the best schools of the North. Mr. Ware was everywhere aiding, advising, counseling, smoothing over difficulties, encouraging people, pupils, and teachers, and bringing all as far as possible under one harmonious system.

"Meanwhile he was supervising the work of the A. M. A. in his own special district. It was he who counseled and advised with the colored and other members of the constitutional convention, and secured the wise provision in the constitution for the establishment of a public school system, and afterward with the members of the first legislature, by which it was established and put into operation. He was in thorough sympathy with the religious work carried on at the same time by the Christian teachers and

church organizations, but found oftentimes his greatest difficulties in overcoming sectarian differences which interfered with the harmonious operation of the school work. This he had always in view, and by his gentleness and forbearance and generous catholic spirit removed many ignorant prejudices that stood in the way. He never deceived either party, he never shirked responsibility, he never surrendered a principle; but by argument, persuasion, and gentle persistence worked out a favorable solution of almost every difficulty. With the ignorant and deceived people his patience was inexhaustible; but his righteous indignation was often stirred in private against the proselyting men of one idea, who stubbornly put obstacles in the way of the progress of all.

"As the progress of the pupils in elementary studies made it possible, he secured and directed the grading of the schools. Having overcome the honest convictions of those who believed that no large part of the freedmen could be educated at all, he collected the advanced pupils into higher grades, and so gradually organized the grammar schools. In these they were instructed in all the studies that would give them a foundation for a solid, practical education not only in

Atlanta, but wherever the number of pupils and progress of the work made it possible. For all this he had made careful provision in the excellent school buildings erected. But the work accomplished only developed the necessity for more work and more workers, and looking forward to the establishment of the public school system, he planned the organization of this noble institution. He was a good teacher, and knew how good teachers are made, and very early while the bureau was able to assist him, he secured an appropriation of $25,000 for the erection of the first building. It was he who brought all the influence to bear to secure the necessary aid from the State, and the multiplied contributions from individuals, that little by little have built it up so far. Much of this special work was done in the midst of the most laborious duties, and none but those who have worked with him, and helped to hold up his hands, can ever know of the numerous and almost insurmountable obstacles he has overcome."

Such were the personal efforts and influence of Mr. Ware during those stormy days of reconstruction. But how has he multiplied himself and increased his influence through his pupils? The larger number by

far of Negro teachers in the State were either graduated from Atlanta University or took partial courses therein. The large majority of teachers in the city schools to-day are graduates of the same institution. This is true with reference to Atlanta, Savannah, Athens, Macon, Augusta. The high school in the last named city, the only* public high school in the State for Negroes, is in charge of an alumnus of Atlanta University, assisted by alumnae of the same school. The predecessor of this gentleman, also an alumnus of Atlanta University, organized that school, and stood at the head of it for ten or eleven years, or at least, until called to the presidency of the State College for Negro Youth, situated in the vicinity of Savannah.

Here, too, it ought to be observed that there are several influential private schools in this State founded and efficiently managed by alumnae of Atlanta University—one at Covington, one at Macon, one at Augusta. The first named two are, to some extent, orphans' homes; for they are not only endeavoring to educate the ignorant, but to rescue and save the

*Another high school has recently been established in Athens, and is also in charge of an alumnus of Atlanta University.

homeless, the friendless, the outcast. In doing this they are doing a work which was very dear to Mr. Ware's heart; for much did he delight to emphasize the fact "that the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

The largest, however, and most influential of these private schools is the one at Augusta—Haines Normal and Industrial Institute—that enrolls several hundred yearly, and gives instruction in the higher branches and the industries. This school was founded, and has been successfully managed up to date by one of Atlanta University's noblest daughters—Miss Lucy Laney. Much might be said with reference to the work of this most estimable woman and her influence on the cause of education. Suffice it to say, there are not two Lucy Laneys in the State of Georgia. In breadth of sympathy, in loftiness of purpose, in unselfish, untiring, heroic devotion to the interests of her people, she stands among us to-day a figure at once unique and admirable. For several years Miss Laney has had with her as associate principal another of the alumnae of Atlanta University, a young woman who was once an instructor in her own *alma mater*, and previously to that principal of one of the largest

public schools in Florida. But notwithstanding the mental and nervous strain incident to such responsibilities, notwithstanding the tax on time and strength, an article from her pen occasionally appeared in the columns of the New York *Independent*, giving evidence of the fact that some, at least, of the women of the race are thinking and capable of weaving their thoughts into literary forms. I, of course, refer to Miss Mary C. Jackson, who was to read a paper on this occasion, and whose unavoidable absence has greatly detracted from the interest of this hour.

Evidently Mr. Ware neither lived nor labored in vain. A little over a year ago I stood at the corner of Mitchell and Whitehall streets as the catafalque bearing the coffin and remains of the late president of the Southern Confederacy passed by. Men with solemn and measured step followed in long procession —brave men, on whose faces was depicted that calm resignation born of the feeling that, whatever may be the result, they had fought for their cause with the courage and earnestness of their convictions. Yet sad it was to read on a strip of drapery hung round that catafalque these sad words, "The last great representative of the lost cause." Though a Negro, and

supposed to be alienated by race and race interests from everything connected with that "lost cause," those words struck me with peculiarly solemn and pathetic force, and I thought of the thousands of hearts to which they would carry unspeakable feelings of regret; for it is a sad thing for a man or a people, however sincere their motives, to discover at last, and be forced to admit that they fought for a lost cause.

Happily they who assemble to-day around the humble grave which contains the ashes of President Ware have not to feel that he is the representative of a lost cause. The cause which he espoused in his early manhood, and to which he conscientiously devoted his entire life, depended not upon contingencies for its success; but had behind it then, as it has before it now, the assurance of divine support. It was on this assurance that he built, and friend and foe will admit to-day that he builded well. He founded his house upon a rock which neither the ravages of time nor the vicissitudes of fortune shall ever affect, or move from its base. It is said that Augustus Cæsar found Rome brick, but left it marble. It is a fact that Mr. Ware found men ignorant, vicious, degraded; but left them enlightened, reclaimed, hope-

ful. Augustus wrought upon marble; Mr. Ware wrought upon mind. The influence of the two will be commensurate with the durability of that upon which each one wrought.

A sad day it was for Atlanta University, a sad day for us all, when the good man whose virtues we now extol fell on his way up to Dr. Bumstead's house, and cried—aye! he who had helped thousands himself cried for help. I was peculiarly struck by the announcement of his death in the Atlanta *Constitution*. One of the headlines read thus: "He fell going up hill." Verily the reporter in penning that line wrote a larger truth than he was at the time conscious of. He did fall going up hill, the hill which for twenty long years he had been climbing with the interests of mankind weighing heavy upon his heart. Yes, yes, he fell going up hill. God grant that I may so fall, going up hill. It is the only safe and honorable way to fall, going up hill. Jesus Christ fell, going up hill—staggering under his cross, going up hill. All the men and women of all the ages, who have accomplished anything in the uplift of humanity, have had to climb the steep and rugged sides of some Golgotha.

Many and tender were the tributes to the character

of Mr. Ware at the time of his death, and these, like his own patriotism, were not confined to any section of country The Atlanta *Constitution*, with evident sincerity, said of him:

"He believed that his mission in life was to educate and enlighten the negro, and he carried it out faithfully. In his death the race loses a warm friend, a fine instructor, and a good adviser. The world of letters loses a valuable member, and an excellent educator is gone."

Seldom have I seen more truth condensed in so limited space. It might have been added, however, that Mr. Ware was also a friend to the *white* people of the South. In truth, he was incapable of cruel race distinctions. On one occasion being seriously asked by a Southern white man how, with his culture and qualifications, he could content himself to live and labor among the blacks, he tersely replied: "Oh, I can easily explain that. I'm simply color-blind." Slavery he did hate, it is true, with an inborn, instinctive hatred. Rebellion he regarded as national suicide—a crime against that government for which at any moment he would have given his life. But no animosity did he cherish against those who had engaged

in rebellion. He felt proud of their valor, regarding that as distinctively American, though worthy of a better cause. Their unparalleled sacrifice in maintenance of that cause he often alluded to as proof of the sincerity of their convictions. He was charitable. With all the intensity of his soul he deprecated the littleness of those men who seemed to take delight in fomenting sectional strife, in tantalizing and exasperating the Southern people. "For my part," he used to say with characteristic energy, "I don't feel it my Christian duty, whenever I meet a man with a raw and sore spot on his cheek, to slap my hand on it."

Generous, forgiving, tolerant, sympathetic, ever ready to throw the mantle of charity over the faults and failings of others, this truly Christ-like spirit lived and moved among us for over twenty years perfectly unconscious, as it seeemed, of his own inestimable worth. Others have come among us occasionally—others of mediocre attainments and inferior natural endowments—whose missionary zeal has exhausted itself chiefly in endeavoring to impress upon us their own importance, their great sacrifices in our behalf, the desirable positions elsewhere refused, the large salaries, the social privileges and enjoyments relinquished, etc.,

etc. This patronizing, pharisaic spirit was as far removed from Edmund Ware as heaven from earth—and farther. Forgetful of self, his whole soul seemed absorbed in promoting the happiness of others. Nor in doing this did he shrink from the humblest service. His was not a kid-gloved philanthropy. Jesus Christ had washed his disciples' feet. He would not be above his Master. When in the summer vacations the whole faculty had gone off to the mountains and the seashore in search of needed rest, he often lingered behind until every provision was made for the next school year, and not unfrequently superintended in person even the canning of fruit. All this was done by the man who, as the *Journal of Education* said at the time of his death, was "a graduate of Yale, and a young man whose prospects of success as teacher or clergyman in the North must have been unusual."

O friends, this hour is full of suggestions, full of all that is calculated to touch the heart and stir the emotions. But night comes on apace. The shadows of evening are gathering about us, and soon we must retire from this sacred spot. Let us go away with a renewed sense of obligation to the man who wrought

so patiently, so unselfishly for our advancement. Let us endeavor to emulate his example. Let these young men especially lay upon their hearts early in their youth some noble cause in which they shall spend the energies of their life. I hold in my hand an essay written by Mr. Ware when a lad eighteen years old. It was written in October, 1855. Time will not allow to read it all. I will read a part. The subject is: "The Freedom of America."

"It is said that America is free; and, in comparison with other portions of the globe, this is most true, but she is not free as her open-hearted sons and daughters could wish her to be; she is not free as our forefathers intended she should be, when they sacrificed their all, their very lives even, in that glorious struggle for independence—not free as she might and ought to be. What, says one, America, our own America not free? Look for a moment at our Southern States, and see thousands of fellow-beings, created like ourselves, in the image and after the likeness of God, held in merciless bondage, and treated like, nay worse, than so many brutes. Hear the heart-rending cries of the mother, as her innocent babe is torn from her arms by the merciless trader, the agonizing groans

of the lover, as he sees his bosom friend separated from him forever; not by death, his cold touch would be welcome, but by the iron hand of slavery. Is this equal rights? Is this freedom? Certainly not."

The essay concludes with four lines of original poetry—

"From North to South, from East to West,
May light and liberty be spread;
My own loved country soon be blest
With freedom from the tyrant's tread."

Two things are easily discernible in this youthful production—first, the spirit of the times in which it was written. The forces of freedom and slavery were in deadly conflict. But five years before the country had witnessed the compromises of Clay, the subserviency of Webster, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law. But one year before the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed, whose natural and legitimate offspring was the bloody struggle in Kansas—at once the prelude to the most gigantic war of modern times, and the prognostic as to how that war should end. Second, a foreshadowing in the lad of that love of liberty, of knowledge—that fine sense of justice and

equity which was to be so happily realized in the full and larger development of the man.

And now there stands what we are pleased to call his monument—that granite boulder, brought from his native State, and from the very scenes of his childhood. Who knows but in his boyhood rambles Mr. Ware might have climbed upon that stone? The tablet affixed to it tells its own story. The significance of such a memorial will be apparent to all who knew Mr. Ware personally, and who shall hear of him truthfully by tradition. The granite is intended to symbolize the most marked traits of his character—strength and endurance. Yet, as that stone is also susceptible of the finest polish, it will symbolize, too, the refinement of Mr. Ware's nature—that unstudied suavity of manner which was so charming in him, and which everywhere, under all circumstances, and among all classes of people, revealed the true Christian gentleman.

BENEFICENT EFFECTS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY, OCEAN GROVE, N. J., AUGUST 13, 1883.

A statue lies hid in a block of marble, and the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero—the wise, the good, or the great man—very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.—*Addison.*

Next in importance to freedom and justice, is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.—*Garfield.*

I am indebted to my good and venerable friend, Dr. Rust, for the privilege I have to-day of speaking here on the breezy shores of Ocean Grove, on topics relating to my people down in that sunny section of country which they so largely inhabit; and it shall be my endeavor, in the short time allotted me, to confine myself to a consideration of the work done among this people by the Christian Church in general, by

the branch of it to which I belong in particular, and to show that this work has not been done in vain, that it has been productive not only of results, but of results as salutary as to many they have been surprising. From these considerations I shall hope to convince you that the Negro to-day, more than ever, is entitled to your confidence, your esteem, your sympathy, your generous aid, and hearty co-operation.

Unlike the traducers of my race, I shall endeavor to do this by telling the truth, by appealing to facts, sharp, clean, clear-cut, unerring facts; facts which somehow always make havoc of fancies, facts which malice cannot obscure nor prejudice controvert. Nor, indeed, would it be wise in me to attempt anything but a fair representation of my race while surrounded by so many good and honored men who are perfectly acquainted with that Southern work, even in its minor details; men, too, not only of my own denomination, but of the various denominations who have come up here to celebrate with us, and whose presence is to me one of the happiest features of this occasion. For it is, to say the least, beautifully illustrative of the fact that, however much we may differ in our religious views, and however much we may at times

even bicker over little denominational differences, yet beneath and beyond all this there is a strong cord of sympathy and love running through and connecting the hearts of our common Protestantism. We are one, one in our aims, one in our efforts, and nowhere, perhaps, in these latter days, has this unity of purpose and action on the part of the various branches of the Christian Church been more clearly shown than on the Southern field in the work among the freedmen.

At the close of the war, and I may well say before the close of the war, a perfect crusade was made southward, a crusade, indeed, but little resembling those of the olden time. Unlike those, its numbers were small, and did not come just as Heber tells us in his splendid verse the ancient crusaders came,

"With their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame."

No. The defensive armor of our modern crusaders was a "heart untainted" and fully conscious of having its "quarrel just." Their weapons, too, were neither the sword nor the battle-ax, but the Bible and the spelling-book. With these they entered the field—Unitarian and Orthodox, Baptists, Methodists, Pres-

byterians, Congregationalists—all shoulder to shoulder, side by side, and with a zeal, a courage, and a devotion hardly surpassed in the history of the church, began the new conflict against the more deadly enemies of the republic, ignorance and vice, mother and child.

No field on the face of God's earth was at that time less inviting. Cruel war had hardly yet closed his bloody mouth, and the South, writhing under a wounded pride, and the heavy losses sustained in property, was, as could only be expected, bitterly hostile to Negro education, and to all who engaged in it in any way, shape or form.

To be deprived of their Negroes was considered bad enough, but to see those same Negroes seated in the school-room and acquiring that very education which had been prohibited by law under heavy penalties was simply intolerable. Hence, it is easy to account for the burning of so many school-houses, and the cruel and brutal treatment of so many teachers during those early days of reconstruction. Indeed, even now, after a lapse of eighteen years—within which time, it must be frankly acknowledged, Southern sentiment has undergone quite a change, and the better classes of the South-

ern people have come to recognize the necessity of universal education to the welfare of society—even now, I say, the teacher of the Negro does not everywhere meet that warm-hearted hospitality which, with reason, he ought to expect, and which has always been so proverbially attributed to the Southern people.

In marked contrast, however, with the enmity of the whites was the friendliness of the blacks. These poor, ragged, hungry, homeless creatures greeted everywhere with joy and gladness their new benefactors, submitted themselves to their instruction and guidance, and in many instances even periled their own lives in their behalf. Rev. T. Willard Lewis, a most estimable man, but long since passed to his reward, while organizing in South Carolina the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was several times attacked by armed ruffians, and as many times escaped only through the prompt and manly intervention of his black friends.

Rev. George Standing, of the same church, an Englishman, who came to this country at the close of the war for the purpose of laboring among the freedmen, went to Newnan, Georgia, his field of labor, expecting, as he said, to be most cordially welcomed.

To his bitter disappointment, however, on arriving there he found that even the very storekeepers were a unit against selling him food to eat. It was but a few years ago, when, in a sermon referring to those gloomy days, I heard him exclaim, while the tears glistened in his eyes: "Yes, when thirteen years ago I went to Newnan the white people tried to starve me out, and when, for neither love nor money, I could purchase a bit of meat on their streets to satisfy my hunger, a good old colored brother would take his gun upon his shoulder, go into the woods, and hunt rabbits to feed me."

These are but a few cases in this line which I might mention. I refer to them, friends, simply to show that, while you out of your abundance have been faithful to us, out of our poverty we have been faithful to you.

But there were other things besides ostracism and open violence to discourage the early missionaries and to try their faith. The very materials out of which they were to build up manhood were regarded by most people North, as well as South, as being of a very doubtful nature. In the South, the home of the Negro's degradation, he was, of necessity, looked

upon as an inferior being, incapable of education, and only fitted to be a chattel. The same idea had, to large extent, taken possession of the Northern mind, and more strongly too, I think. For while it is true that the people of the North were far removed from the scenes of slavery and came not into contact with the large masses of the blacks, yet there were in the midst of Northern society forces and influences continually at work misrepresenting the Negro.

The newspapers, with but few exceptions, had been accustomed to speak of him in anything but a kindly and respectful manner. Some of these wretched sheets have hardly yet repented of their sins. Science, in many instances, had traced his origin back to the monkey ; and, even now, there can be found a few who are but little in advance of that jackanapes theory, a few who seem to take real delight in raking over the débris of the pre-Adamitic world to prove that the Negro did not spring from the same progenitors with yourselves and the other races of the earth. Art, too, lent its fascinating, but mischievous, pencil to paint him in form and features most repulsive. Every colored person was represented with flat nose, thick lips, long heels, and dressed in a striped suit,

the well-known garb of the American slave. Such was his picture in the cotton-field and in the cane-brake, and such was the picture which the manufacturers of shoe-blacking and stove-polish deemed most appropriate to place on labels on their boxes of goods. Mothers and nurses were accustomed to frighten peevish children to sleep by telling them that the black man should come and take them. The black man, forsooth, some hideous monster! The injustice of all this has become apparent since the war. Northern people traveling through the South have discovered that we are not so bad looking after all; that many of us, indeed, just like other people, when we are cleaned up and brushed up and dressed up and behave ourselves, are really pretty good looking. Fine feathers make fine birds; but, in all ages, the tattered garments of slavery have been but ill adapted to set off to best advantage the form and features of mankind. I say it, and I say it without fear of successful contradiction, that many of the handsomest citizens the United States can boast of to-day have the warm blood of Africa coursing through their veins. We are black, but comely; and we are not so black either; for, surely, of all perplexing things, the

most perplexing to strangers traveling through the South to-day is the great diversity of shades and colors among the population called the Negro population. These range all the way from black to dark brown, to brown, to light brown, to yellow, to light yellow—and so on all the way up to the fair-haired and blue-eyed, where shades have been so blended and interblended, and the dividing line so completely obliterated that it is hard to tell where Ham left off and Japheth began.

But to return, for I was speaking of the pro-slavery influences at work among the people of the North, before the war, to prejudice their minds against the Negro. I have alluded to the attitude of the press, of science, of art; to which must be added that crowning iniquity—I mean those bands of vile men, commonly known as "nigger minstrels," who, traveling all over this broad country, caricatured the Negro upon the public stage before large and enthusiastic audiences. The result of these influences combined was the creation in the Northern mind of an *ideal* Negro which, in many respects, was far more degraded than the real Negro of the South.

Such, then, was the field, and such the doubts, the

shadows, the misgivings which enveloped it when Christian faith and charity came to the rescue.

What are the facts to-day? Within the short period of eighteen years churches and school-houses, colleges and academies have risen, phœnix-like, out of the ashes of a terrible and devastating war. These institutions crown the hills and dot the valleys throughout the entire South, many of them standing to-day on the very ramparts which, in by-gone days, were thrown up for purposes of destruction. So much has freedom triumphed over slavery, so much peace over war, so much has the world moved. The society, whose anniversary we celebrate to-day, has, of itself alone, established twenty-five of these institutions, supported in the field for the last sixteen years one hundred teachers, and in that time given instruction to seventy-five thousand pupils. The large majority of these pupils become the instructors of others; and so the grand work goes on and on, and shall go until that Southern land is redeemed from the errors of the past, and the manhood of the Negro vindicated before the country and the world.

I spoke of the number of the schools. Not less noticeable is their character. The first school-houses

for the freedmen were cheaply built of wood for temporary purposes. In these the fort was to be held until, his probation being over, the advancement of the Negro should warrant the erection of more costly and substantial buildings. To-day the buildings for the same people are, many of them, models of architectural beauty, and have cost all the way from ten to twenty, to thirty, to forty, to fifty, and I believe that Jubilee Hall, at Fisk University, reached the enormous sum of one hundred thousand dollars; and still they are building, building in Georgia and building in Mississippi, building in Arkansas and building in Louisiana, building and educating through the Christian benevolence of the Slaters and the Stones and the Gammons.

Now, what do these buildings mean, these costly buildings of brick and stone, built upon broad and deep and solid foundations? Some few years ago, when we were about to build Chrisman Hall, at Clark University, we found upon the grounds some stone which it was thought might be used for foundation purposes. On some question arising, however, as to its durability, a small piece was taken to the city and tested. The information received with regard to it

was, that that stone would crumble, perhaps, but certainly not under a thousand years; and so, friends, we ventured to rest upon foundations hewn out of that stone the beautiful edifice known as Chrisman Hall. But, I ask again, what do these thousand years foundations mean? Mean? Ah, verily, they mean much. They mean permanence. They mean that the capability of the Negro to acquire knowledge is no longer a doubtful problem in the minds of those who know him best, but a fact, and a serious fact, which, for the good of the nation and all concerned, must be attended to, and the sooner the better.

Another fact which bears significance is the character of the work done in these schools. These schools are Christian schools. In them the Bible is supreme, and all the instruction given is more or less seasoned with its teachings. In these schools labor is taught to be honorable and idleness dishonorable. In these schools is taught loyalty to one's God, to one's country, and to one's convictions. The teachers who fill their chairs are required to be persons not only of good moral character, but also of good Christian character, so that no opportunity is given to infidelity or loose religion to creep in and desecrate those halls

which, with so much money and so much labor and so much blood, have been consecrated to God and humanity.

It is impossible for any thoughtful person to travel through the South to-day and not feel that in the midst of much that is uncomely and disjointed there is nevertheless springing up a new civilization that may yet reflect new light upon other sections of the country. There are, as you doubtless know, those who do not approve of the old methods of education; those who claim, with some reason, perhaps, that the older institutions do not develop the man fully; that they do not fit young men for lives of independence, for lives of active, busy usefulness; that they pay too much attention to the ornamental, and too little to the useful, the practical. Whether this is so or not, there seems to be at present a fair prospect of inaugurating a different order of things in these newly founded schools of the South; a prospect of developing, or expanding, if you please, Mr. Parton's idea of the American university of the future, a place where the hand shall be trained along with the head; a place from which, when a young man is graduated, he will not feel compelled to teach or to preach or to be an editor, when

he might serve God and his country better by being a machinist or a wood-worker. The tendency in the schools of the freedmen is toward the establishment of industrial departments in connection with them. Some have already established them, and more are doing so.

At Clark University we have now a school of carpentry, in which young men are taught not only how to use tools, but also how to draw plans and make specifications. Lectures in architecture are also given. We have, too, a blacksmith shop, where the boys are taught to heat and pound and shape the iron, the grand old metal by whose use is measured the progress of man's civilization. Still more, we have a model home, a school of domestic economy, the crown and capstone of all the rest, the place in which our girls are to be taught how to sew and how to knit, how to cut and how to make, how to cook and how to—well, in short, ladies, if you will have it—become worthy wives of worthy men, presiding with sweet and queenly dignity over the affairs of well-regulated Christian homes.

The wisdom and foresight exercised in the establishment of these industrial departments are apparent. We cannot all be teachers and preachers and lawyers and doctors. This has never been the condition of

any people, and the colored people are no exception. Somebody must push the saw and drive the plane. Somebody must plow. There must be somewhere among us a strong, intelligent, virtuous middle class, the salt of society in all ages. Moreover, the demand for skilled labor becomes more and more imperative, and, unless the ranks of the colored mechanics and artisans can be recruited from these schools, or some other schools, if you please, with workmen of a higher intelligence, the South will be flooded with foreigners to meet the demand. This, of course, would be bad for the Negro, but, perhaps, worse for the South and the nation; for, with Europe in her present condition, an influx of foreigners may be accompanied by an influx of dangerous isms—Fenianism and Socialism and Communism and Nihilism, and all those isms whose arguments in the settlement of social questions are dynamite and assassination. Surely, then, it is as politic as it is provident in the leaders of our educational work in the South to guard against this train of evils by educating and training for the management of our ever-increasing industries a people born to the soil, a people whose characteristics, tested during two centuries and a half, have been found to be love, af-

fection, gentleness, fidelity, forgiveness, and whose only crime has been the color of their skin. This, then, in brief, is what the Christian church has done and is doing for us.

Have the colored people improved under this Christian guidance and direction? This, I think, will be apparent to all except those whose prejudices blind their eyes to facts. The Negro, at the close of the war, like his blessed Master, had not where to lay his head. To-day, in the State of Georgia alone, according to the very latest report of the Comptroller-General, this same Negro has accumulated property valued at the handsome sum of $6,589,876. According to the same report his increase of property for the last year has been $111,825. This certainly shows, to some extent at least, that he is industrious, economical, and provident. Indeed, when we consider in the face of what opposition this accumulation has been made, and when we consider also the unreasonably low wages for which he has been compelled to work—wages for farm laborers ranging the greater part of the time from forty to fifty cents a day, inclusive of board—I say, when we take these things into consideration, his material prosperity seems little less than astounding.

Need I pause here to convince you of his intellectual improvement? Is not this axiomatic? Need I tell you that in eighteen years we have reared up among us sixteen thousand school-teachers? that these teachers are to-day conducting nearly all the schools for colored youth throughout the entire South? These teachers, as a whole, may not be as thoroughly furnished and equipped for their work as the teachers of the Boston grammar-schools. It would be strange if they were. Nevertheless I feel free to say that the average colored teacher of the South to-day will compare very favorably with the white teacher of considerably less than a century ago.

The late Dr. Sears, in the summer of 1880, in an address delivered at Saratoga before the teachers of the country, on "Educational Progress in the United States during the Last Fifty Years," brought to light some significant facts. After showing clearly the sad condition of the schools of New England, and the wretched incompetency of the teachers of that day, he turns southward, and quotes from a book published in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1791, in which Mr. Robert Coram deplores the condition of the schools in that section of the country, in the following

language: "The country schools," he says, "are in every respect despicable, wretched, and contemptible. The teachers are generally foreigners, shamefully deficient in every qualification, and not seldom addicted to gross vices. One calls the first letter of the alphabet *awe*, and the children are beaten and cuffed to forget their former teaching. When the next schoolmaster is introduced he calls the first letter *ă*, as in mat, and the school undergoes another reform. At his removal a third is introduced, who calls the first letter *hay*."

It may be well, too, for you to know that many of the young men, completing higher courses in the schools of the freedmen, are finding their way to your older institutions here in the North for the purpose of studying the professions, and the professors of those institutions give most flattering reports of their scholarship. I am acquainted with some of these young men. I am certainly familiarly acquainted with three who, being graduated from Atlanta University, found their way to Massachusetts, where one passed with pretty good grace through a theological course at the historic seminary at Andover, another through a similar course at Newton, and the third is

now finishing his course in law at Boston University.

Need I inform you that within eighteen years there has been created among us a reading public that demands to-day one hundred and thirty newspapers, edited and managed by colored men? And all this, too, while some long-visaged persons have been stroking their beards and whining over the Negro problem. I tell you, friends, the most important factor in this so-called Negro problem is the Negro himself. The doomed man on the way to the gallows said to the crowd thronging and hurrying to see the execution: "Don't hurry so, friends; there will be no fun until I get there." He who, in the light of to-day, leaves the Negro out of the Negro problem, leaves Hamlet out of Hamlet. Give the Negro a fair chance, and he will work out his own salvation. Hitherto he has literally had to do this with fear and trembling.

I wish to refer to one more fact in connection with the intellectual improvement of the Negro. Some few years ago, when the yellow fever, with pestilential scourge, was smiting so fearfully certain sections of the South, many of the students of the Meharry Medical College at Nashville, Tenn., went forth into those fields of danger and death, and labored so faithfully

and so successfully among *whites* as well as blacks, as to win for themselves public notice, public praise, and public gratitude. Yes, friends, when the lip is quivering and the eye is fading, when the whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint, men will not hesitate to receive medical assistance even from a black hand.

But it becomes me now, I suppose, to speak of the moral condition of my people. To estimate fairly their improvement in this direction it would be necessary to realize, if possible, the depth of degradation to which two hundred and fifty years of thraldom had sunk them, and to take into consideration, at the same time, the fact that the moral nature of man everywhere and among every people is by far the most difficult to train. This being so, what must be the task to repair it, after it has been bruised and maimed and twisted and gnarled and distorted? A crooked limb, by proper appliances, may be straightened. A bone of the body may be broken and set, and become even stronger in the fractured parts; but man cannot sin and be strong. The violation of the moral law means, in every instance, the sapping of moral foundations, the weakening of the moral nature. When, there-

fore, I consider by what processes, during two centuries, the moral groundwork of my people was undermined and shaken, it is to me no wonder that many of them are to-day found immoral. The greater wonder is that their moral perception has not been entirely swept away. Many people, however, and those especially who stigmatize us as a race peculiarly immoral, do not reason in this way. They do not seem to recognize that slavery was a school ill adapted to the producing of pure and upright characters. Can you rob a man continually of his honest earnings and not teach him to steal? Can you ignore the sanctity of marriage and the family relation and not inculcate lewdness? Can you constantly govern a man with the lash and expect him always to speak truth? If you can do these things, then, verily are my people peculiarly dishonest, impure, and untruthful. But our enemies demand of us perfection. They are unreasonable. They require among us, in twenty short years, a state of moral rectitude which they themselves, with far more favorable opportunities, have not reached in one hundred times twenty. They are unphilosophical, for they do not perceive that diseases

are more quickly contracted than cured. *Natura infirmitatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala.*

Very amusing, too, it is to listen to the hue and cry sent up every little while against Negro immoralities; such a cry and howl as went up but recently from the swamps of Mississippi, and are still reverberating through the country with jarring sound. Very amusing, I say, it is to listen to these cries against Negro immoralities, when the same immoralities are continually cropping out among the white people, professedly our superiors. How many times within the last two decades has this nation had to hang its head in shame because of the dishonesty of its public men! What about Credit Mobilier and the Tammany frauds? What about whisky rings? What about cipher dispatches? What about Star Route trials? What about the stuffing of ballot-boxes? What about the defalcation and impeachment of high State officials? And so on and so on *ad infinitum?*

But, sir, I am not here to apologize for the vices and immoralities of my people. That such things do exist I do know and I do deplore. Neither, sir, am I here to checkmate what they have done with what somebody else has done. But I am here, sir, to fling

back the charge so frequently made against them as a people peculiarly immoral and lewd. We have not had a fair chance in this country; but in proportion to our opportunities we can show as many good, virtuous, law-abiding citizens as any other race on this continent. Wherever in the South Christian education has reached the freedmen it has awakened in them a taste for the true and the beautiful. This may be seen in the changed manner of living of many of them. The dirty shanty and clumsy log-cabins in which, formerly, so many were accustomed to be huddled together, are retreating, step by step, before the steady advance of neat and cosy cottages. Christian homes, the strength of any nation, are being built up, decorated with the beauties and improvements of modern art.

I am proud, too, to know that in this transition period of ours we have had among us a few public men of unimpeachable character. When Oscar Dunn was Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana a certain white man, interested in a bill before the legislature, endeavored, by the use of money, to secure Mr. Dunn's influence in favor of that bill. The reply of that noble Negro was as withering as it is laconic: "Sir," said

he, "my conscience is not for sale." In that memorable presidential election, when Messrs. Hayes and Tilden were candidates, a colored man in one of those Southern States, at that time a member of the electoral college, was approached by a white man, and offered fifty thousand dollars for his vote for Mr. Tilden, being informed, at the same time, that it was a "graveyard secret," and that if he ever exposed the offerer of that sum, death would be the penalty. I am proud to say that that brave and faithful man rejected with scorn the proffered bribe. Would Anglo-Saxon morality have stood a better test against gilded corruption?

Let us, friends, learn lessons from these things. Let us rise above low, narrow, absurd, wicked discrimination against men on account of their race, their color, or their nationality. Let us endeavor to repair the wrongs of the past. Let us be just and let us be humane. Let us see to it that in the future fair play is given to that six and a half millions of people in your midst who felled your forests, tilled your fields, developed the resources of a section of your country, received insult and injury untold and unspeakable,

yet, in the midst of it all, have beautifully illustrated

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Let us, I say, bewise. Let us draw nearer to each other, that we may understand each other the better; and as the various colors in the solar spectrum are blended in giving one brilliant and glorious light, so even, in the bright future now dawning upon this nation, let all our efforts and all our energies be blended in promoting harmony and good will, and in hastening on the happy time when this country shall be in the spirit, as well as in the letter, what God evidently intended it should be, the asylum for the oppressed of all lands, the home of the free, the country in which, untrammeled by priest or potentate, beneath his own vine and fig tree, with naught to molest or make him afraid, every man, of every race, may enjoy the blessings of Almighty God.

BISHOP ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS. DELIVERED IN ATLANTA, FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause, is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.—*Chatfield.*

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.—*Channing.*

The present occasion is certainly one of unusual significance. Never, I presume, in all the history of the South has there been just such a gathering for just such a purpose. Evidently extremes have met to-day. Men of the North and men of the South are here—men who but a little over thirty years ago in mortal conflict on the field of battle were glaring into each other's eyes with the fierceness of the tiger. All the creeds, both religious and political, are represented here—all the schools, all classes, all ages, both sexes, and all conditions. Nor can I

regard it the least significant feature of this occasion, that two races are so largely represented here. Two races, said to be instinctively antagonistic one to the other; two races, declared by some to have divergent destinies, and to be doomed to move forever in parallel lines, have met to-day to pay the tribute of gratitude and affection to one man whom both unite in pronouncing a common benefactor. Let us thank God that there are some points, at least, where the parallels meet. Let us thank God for Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, and for all such men as he who, living, live for the betterment of their fellow-creatures, and, dying, leave behind a name and an example to be the common heritage of all mankind.

It is indeed the peculiar glory of the truly great man, that he cannot be restricted within State lines or race lines. Wide as the sweep of his sympathies is the empire of hearts over which he rules. To those of us, therefore, whose good fortune it was to be personally acquainted with Bishop Haygood, it was never a surprise that his influence in both sections of country and among all classes of people was so large and so commanding. He was a man of large sympathy, that royal quality in the human breast

which invariably distinguishes the generous person from the mean, that divine quality which, despite our prejudices and antipathies, "makes the whole world kin," and is at the bottom of all Christian and philanthropic endeavor. A thousand instances of kindness on the part of the good bishop to persons of all sorts and colors might, I suppose, be cited here in support of the statement made with reference to his sympathetic disposition. Many of these little acts of pure benevolence, never intended for the light, are fast coming to light under the shadow cast by his recent death. For as dark nights best reveal the stars, so the gloom that at times envelopes a human life discovers to us its hidden virtues. This much, however, the world knows in common of Bishop Haygood: He was not a man who passed through life inquiring, "Who is my neighbor?" His neighbor was usually the needy person nearest to him. His neighbor was the ignorant that needed to be instructed, the vicious that needed to be reclaimed, the despondent that needed to be encouraged. Wherever honest effort was being made for a noble purpose, there he found his neighbor, and his neighbor found a helper. The obscure Negro in the backwoods of

Georgia or the malarious districts of Louisiana, struggling to build a school for the enlightenment of his people, was to him no less an object of sympathy and interest than Emory College itself, which he so dearly loved and for which he so persistently labored.

He was a man who realized very fully the force and value of units. Consequently, while others, like Olympian Jove wrapped in cloud, unapproached and unapproachable, were complacently stroking their beards and endeavoring to devise plans and methods for the solution in the lump, as it were, of great social and moral problems, and were as often arriving at conclusions at once monstrous and absurd, he, like "The Man of Gallilee," was abroad in the land, studying the needs of the people and striving to reach and influence individual lives.

Few men of his day appreciated as fully as he did the doctrine of universal human brotherhood. Paul had, of course, declared it at Mars' Hill. Many people had accepted it, as many do now, as a beautiful sentiment to be indulged in on sentimental occasions. To Bishop Haygood it was a fact of fundamental importance. On no other supposition, indeed, could his own life-work be explained. It was this belief,

rooted in his soul, that gave him courage to espouse a cause, however unpopular, if it involved the rights and happiness of men. It was this belief that enabled him to speak the plain, unvarnished truth in the faces of those often averse to the truth. It was this belief that inspired his pen when he wrote that little book, and sent it forth bearing on its title page his frank recognition of his "brother in black." We, that is to say, we colored people, will never be able to appreciate fully the amount of good done for us by the publication of that little volume. It awakened an echo in the hearts of the best people North and South; it created sympathy in our behalf, and gave to the race question a consideration and dignity which before it had not.

So impressed, indeed, was Bishop Haygood with this idea of human relationship, and the necessity of sympathetic brotherly contact with those whom we would reach and save, that all plans and schemes looking towards the amelioration of men, but ignoring this vital element, he regarded as radically defective. Addressing the International Sunday-school Convention, at Louisville, Ky., June 12, 1884, he said:

"The neglected class is that vast company of human beings who are in sore need of brotherhood and the helpful service brotherhood and nothing else can bring to them. It would not be edifying to make a list of Christian peoples' neglect. A single statement will suffice: The greatest lack, the sorest neglect of our times is the lack, the neglect of personal, helpful, brotherly service. Such service cannot be rendered vicariously through a committee; as to the love that should belong to giving and receiving, and make the gift holy and a blessing to both giver and receiver, committees are for the most part non-conductors. In our Christian testimony and service we should, above all things, make human brotherhood a living fact close by, and not a splendid doctrine afar off. When Christians learn more perfectly what God's fatherhood means, then they can show what human brotherhood is."

"No doubt there must be organization, but fearful is the state of that church in which organization is necessary because individuals will not do their own work. Unless there is in addition to organization also direct, personal, brotherly service, relief of the poor by societies working through committees, will

wither the hearts of men and make them bitter. For organizations are as soulless as corporations; they are at best good machines; they have no life in themselves. Organizations are not persons; only persons can do persons' work."

Believing in this principle, as he believed in it, and acting on this principle, as he acted on it, it is surely not strange that he endeared himself to thousands, yea, tens of thousands of his fellowmen. The proof of which is seen in the numerous tributes of respect to his memory, that from the time of his death up to date, have continued to appear in the daily and weekly press from all quarters of the land. The following was taken from a recent copy of the New York *Independent*, and is the utterance of Hon. Patrick A. Walsh, United States Senator from Georgia. Being himself a member of the Roman Catholic Church, his words in this connection will have singular force. He says:

"No selfish or mercenary consideration ever actuated Bishop Haygood. No ambition for popularity ever prompted his action. It was his mission to be a leader, not a follower of men. He went wherever duty called. His courage to do the right was the in-

spiration that came from the pure fountain of a soul that pulsated ever for the uplifting of humanity. To him all men were born unto salvation, all alike were the children of one Father, all heirs to the kingdom of heaven. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man was his creed. Catholics and Jews and Gentiles and Protestants of all denominations, were his fellowcitizens, his friends, and his brothers."

I have been pleased to see that my own people, within and without the State, have shown due appreciation of the good bishop's services in their behalf. I am happy to learn of the many touching exhibitions of sympathy and respect on the part of those in his immediate neighborhood. To me it is a touching incident, that shortly after his death those colored men should go to his sorrow-stricken widow and offer to dig his grave, stating that they did not wish it dug by persons having in it no more than a money interest. The digging of that grave that was henceforth to be a sacred spot to them, the digging of that grave that was to contain the remains of so dear a friend, ought to be a work of love, and they coveted the privilege of doing it.

Here I am reminded of another touching circum-

stance connected with the death of another bishop. I relate it as another instance of the tender attachment of the Negro for his friends. This other bishop was also a resident of Georgia. He was much loved by some of us, and, unfortunately, not so well understood by others of us. I refer, of course, to Bishop Gilbert Haven. For some time after his death our preachers, traveling on their circuits away from the railroad, reported that they found log-cabins here and there draped in mourning. My friends, it is worth while to live so that when we die the cabins will go into mourning, and grateful hearts will crave the privilege of digging our graves.

Six Negro colleges and seminaries are represented here in the persons of teachers and pupils. We, too, have come to lay, as it were, on the bier of Bishop Haygood our tribute of profound respect and gratitude. He was our friend, the truest, bravest, stanchest, strongest, most pronounced friend that has yet arisen for us on Southern soil. He loved us, and we loved him. He advocated our cause. He wrote for us, spoke for us, prayed for us, endured the malignant criticism of men for us. Who knows but, in a measure, he died for us? Fifty-seven years of age!

It is not common for men of temperate habits and intellectual pursuits to die at fifty-seven. Who knows but the superabundance of work and the multiplicity of cares incident to such a life produced the strain that hastened his death? But be that as it may, we, nevertheless, thank God that he lived, that he lived in our day, that we knew him, that we were permitted to be co-workers with him, to have his advice, his co-operation, to feel his sympathetic touch. He came upon the scene of action at a time when these schools sorely needed a strong representative in the person of a Southern man, a man whom his people knew and would trust, a man who would put these institutions before his people in their true light, not distorted, not blurred, not as somebody would have them, but as they really are, with the work they are really doing. Bishop Haygood did this. He did it well. He did it manfully. He did it effectively, so effectively indeed, that the whole current of feeling with reference to Negro education in general, and these institutions in particular, was perceptibly changed, and has remained so up to this day. How can we too much appreciate or ever forget his earnest pleas in our behalf? Speaking on the "Education of

the Negro," at Monteagle, Tenn., Aug. 2, 1883, he said:

"Give them all, black and white, the keys of knowledge, and let them unlock as many doors as they can. I pity the coward who is afraid to give a human being this chance. Little danger is there that any race will rise too high, that any individual of any race will learn too much truth."

In the same address he also said:

"And lest by some possibility there be some misapprehension as to the truth I hold, let me say: I believe in giving the opportunities of Christian education to the Negroes for the same reason that I believe in giving the opportunities of Christian education to white people—that is, because they are alike human beings, and by natural, God-given right should have the best opportunity God's providence allows them for becoming all that they are capable of becoming. So long as I believe in Jesus Christ and his gospel, I cannot stand on a lower platform than this."

Yes, good friend! and so long as we believe in Jesus Christ and his gospel, so long as the human

heart responds to kindness and unselfish devotion, so long shall we remember thee and love thee!

He lived to see Negro education a cheerfully accepted fact in the South—a thing regarded necessary to the welfare and development of both races. He died and left the South discussing, not the question, Shall the Negro be educated? but, How shall he be educated so as to fit him best for the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship?

In the death of Bishop Haygood the nation has sustained a great loss. Influential in the church, influential in the cause of education, he was no less influential as a peacemaker between estranged brethren. Coming upon the stage of action at a time when sectional rancor was intense, when there stood confronting each other a "solid North" and a "solid South," he at once became the golden clasp that, spanning the dismal chasm, drew nearer together these defiant and frowning solids. His memorable Thanksgiving sermon, preached November 25, 1880, went through this land like the dove bearing the olive branch of peace and reconciliation to brethren tossed on the turbulent waves of sectional strife. Both sections of country immediately recognized in him a man entirely

too large and magnanimous to retard the progress of the republic and endanger the happiness of posterity for the sake of nursing petty sectional spite. "We are to do the work of to-day," he exclaimed in the sermon, "looking forward and not backward. We have no divine call to stand eternal guard by the grave of dead issues."

Such, in brief, was the life and influence of this good man upon his age. Born near the middle of the nineteenth century, with its palpitating activities and enterprise, he could not live in the past. His spirit was the spirit of the age—vigorous, alert, direct, upward, catholic. His writings and speeches will now remain the best possible exponents of the intensity of his feelings on all matters pertaining to the improvement of his fellow-beings. In these utterances of his one seems to feel the very swelling and throbbing of a heart yearning for a betterment of human conditions. It was, therefore, with singular appropriateness that he named one of his books "Please for Progress."

In conclusion, are there not some profitable lessons which we might learn from the life of this good man? What were some of the elements of success in him?

Were they not even these, large sympathy, large humanity, large faith, and undoubted sincerity? Men who disagreed with him still respected him for his sincerity. It was this quality indeed that gave to his utterances the force and weight of prophecy. It was felt in all his words, seen in all his actions. Though not an orator in the usually accepted sense of that term, men listened to him with fixed and undivided attention, and the phrase "hanging upon one's lips" had, in the case of Bishop Haygood, more than figurative force. Simple and natural on the platform as on the street, a man of few gestures, utterly devoid of that disgusting mannerism so characteristic of those who would supply in attitudes what they lack in thought, he spoke with directness and force to human hearts and human consciences, and men inclined their ear to catch the smallest word. His very language was an indication of his sinceriy. A terse, simple, vigorus, pure English style, such as was his, and has been the property of but few besides himself and Lincoln in this century, is ill adapted to the concealment of sophistries. Once more, then, let us thank God for Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, and let us endeavor to emulate his royal virtues.

THE NEGRO'S NEEDS.

DELIVERED IN HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1883.

Although in my short lifetime I have seen and heard many things to startle and surprise me, yet never, I confess, was I more surprised than on receiving away down in Georgia, an invitation to speak here in Plymouth Church and from Plymouth pulpit. At first I could not but believe that there was something wrong about the matter, that an invitation intended for some clergyman in my city had in some way been forwarded to me through mistake. Accordingly I wrote at once to Dr. Halliday, informing him of the fact that I am not of the ministerial order; but stating, at the same time, in a half humorous way, that if such a talk as a layman can make would be acceptable, I should be with him on the second Sunday in October. He replied to me that my name was down on his program for this very day. That, of course, settled the question.

But now there arose another, and one of a more embarrassing nature, namely, What shall I say to

that people? What can I say to the congregation of Henry Ward Beecher, either for their edification or their instruction? Is there a topic on which I can speak, is there a subject which I can discuss, which has not already been discussed in their presence with an ability infinitely superior, and an eloquence wide-world renowned? It was in the midst of such musings and queryings that it occurred to my mind that there was just one subject which I might take with propriety, and, perhaps, with success, before that enlightened, sympathetic and Christian audience, namely, the needs and claims of my people—their pressing needs, their rightful claims. With such a subject, I thought, I might be a little more conversant than a stranger well could be. On such a subject I might be able, perhaps, to say a few more things, and to say them with a little more feeling and accuracy, at least, than one not fully identified with the race possibly could.

The place, too, where I am standing is not unsuited to the discussion of the needs of humanity. For surely this is the church of Henry Ward Beecher, and these are the walls which, for fully a third of a century, echoed and re-echoed to the most spirited and eloquent and thrilling appeals in behalf of hu-

man rights, in behalf of freedom. This is one of the cradles in which were rocked that spirit and sentiment which, like a mighty tidal wave, rising and swelling, finally swept from the face of this nation the foul blot of human slavery. And is not this the very church in which, but recently, embassadors from Madagascar, received comfort and consolation and promise of moral support in their struggles, as Christians, to resist the invasion of an enlightened but semi-infidel nation? Surely it is. In the midst, then, of much around me to-day that looks new and strange I have the strongest reasons to feel perfectly at home with my cause.

It was once remarked in my presence that immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumter a meeting was held in a certain hall in the city of Charleston, and that on General Beauregard's entering that hall some one of the enthusiastic audience rose, and swinging his hat, cried, "Three cheers for Beauregard!" Whereupon the general exclaimed, "Stop, gentlemen, this is no time for cheering. The war has just begun." I don't know whether this story is true or false. Like most stories of the kind it is as likely to be the one as the other. I don't know

whether there was ever such a meeting. I don't know whether the general ever made such a remark. If he did, he deserves great credit for his wisdom, for his foresight. The war had just begun. It was no time to cheer. I say I don't know, and so far as my people and myself are concerned, we don't care to-day whether that story is true or not; for we do know by this time that there was a war, a terrible war, a bloody war, a war that shook the earth and made nations hold their breath. We know that when it began several millions of bondmen were in this country, and that when it ended freedom reigned throughout the land. We know that when the old flag was hauled down from Sumter humanity shrieked and

"Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell."

But we know, too, that when once more again the "gorgeous ensign of the republic" with "its arms and trophies streaming in" more than "their original lustre," with "not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured," was lifted by loyal hands to kiss the sun and toy with the breeze, mankind all over the wide earth smiled and rejoiced as never before, except when the Babe was born in Bethlehem.

But that cruel war is over, that fratricidal war, that war which consumed billions of your treasure, and like a Minotaur, devoured untold numbers of your brave sons. Fully eighteen years of peace span the bloody gulf between then and now. That is a war of the past. That war was to open the prison and let the captives go free. But it necessitated another war—a war to strike off the shackles of ignorance, to liberate the mind, to put new light into it, new ideas, to arouse the soul to high moral responsibilities, to inspire it with love for God and love for man.

Something has been done in this line, more than it was thought could be done. The strongholds of ignorance have been assailed with some success. For nearly two decades a little army of teachers have been toiling day and night to impart knowledge to the ignorant, to instil virtuous principles, to teach industry, thrift, and economy. They have labored under discouragements. They have not always been kindly treated. Sometimes they have been ostracised, sometimes despised. Their work in the beginning was ridiculed by many, North and South. It was looked upon as a task more than Herculean to teach those who could not learn, those whose heads were

too thick, whose heels were too long; those who had upon them the curse of Canaan, and were only fitted to be the servant of servants. But true to God and to humanity, and nothing daunted by difficulties and discouragements, they have kept on laboring and toiling, with a patience rivaling that of the man of Uz. Like the coral insect they have been working deep down at the very bottom, while the waves of public sentiment have been raging tumultuously above their heads. But they have builded well. They have laid good foundations. They have had some success. Points of their work are beginning to show very conspicuously here and there in the surface of society. Indeed, it has become a fact too patent to be denied, that a mighty work has been done in that Southern land for God and mankind. Somebody has done it. God bless that somebody! God reward that somebody, in this life a thousandfold, and in the life to come with joys evermore!

But it is too general a remark to say that a mighty work has been done. Let us be a little more specific. What was the condition of the Negro at the close of the war? Was he not landless? Was he not homeless in the fullest, broadest, most important

sense of the term? Was he not in many instances destitute even of clothing to cover his nakedness? I was told by a man of your denomination, a prominent educator in the South, a man whom I love, and whom I delight to honor, a man whose worth will never be known until he has passed away from among men—I mean Edmund Ware, president of Atlanta University. I was told by him that shortly after the surrender, when he went to Atlanta to take charge of the educational work of the American Missionary Association, he saw there your lady missionaries standing day after day, "from early morn till dewy eve," standing, too, in the winter, with cold and stiff and aching fingers, distributing clothing to the scores and hundreds of wretched and destitute creatures who thronged around the storehouse of charity.

Nor is this all. The Negro was not only without land, without home, without clothing; but actually without a name. It is amusing to listen to the experience of those early teachers with regard to the organization of their schools. Having gathered around them a number of dusky faces, they would naturally begin to take their names. "What is your name?" the teacher would say. "Bob." "And

yours?" "Jim." Yet not less significant than the lack of a name was often the existence of one. Such names as Pompey and Cæsar. If you should run over the list of names in the last catalogue of Clark University, you would find there the name of a young woman, Queen Victoria Price. The first part of this name was doubtless given in derision, as Pompey and Cæsar were. It is a better name, however, a nobler, brighter name, and the young lady who bears it is lovely enough to be a queen. I don't believe that that mother of princes, who is more a woman than a queen, and a great queen because a greater woman—I don't believe she would be ashamed to own her dusky namesake, who, after all, is not so dusky. If you should look over the same catalogue you would see the name of a young man, King George Gay. The first part of this name may be accounted for in the same way as the one preceding it. If you should look over the same catalogue you would find the name of another young man, Major Willford. He came by the first part of his name in the same way as many of us in the South come by our military titles. It is very common down there to address men as Colonel, Captain, Major, etc., except in the case of col-

ored men and women, who are oftener addressed as "uncle" and "auntie." In vain surely does Shakespeare ask, "What's in a name?" In vain does he tell us

> "That which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet."

Verily, there is much in a name. There is hatred in a name. There is degradation in a name. There is just as much in a name to-day as there was in the days of Cavalier and Roundhead, and Puritan and Methodist.

Since the surrender at Appomattox, however, the Negro has found a name or made one. Since then he has gotten him some clothing. He has raised twice as much cotton under freedom as he did under slavery, and so can afford to dress pretty decently. On the 9th of last August I was standing in a depot at Washington, waiting for the train for Ocean Grove. The depot was crowded with well-dressed colored people. It was an excursion. They were going off to enjoy themselves as only colored people can. A young German with whom I had, so to speak, scraped an acquaintance, said to me, "These people are as orderly, and look as neat as the same number of peas-

ants would in any part of Europe. "Your people," he continued, "are improving, and we foreigners who come here and live awhile can see it better than those who have been here all the time." I believe that. I believe he meant what he said. He was a frank fellow. I like the Germans because they are kinsfolk to Luther. I stand almost in awe in the presence of their great learning. I like them until they begin to try to take away our Sabbath and spend it in beer-drinking, when they ought to be in some good old-fashioned Methodist church, or some other good old-fashioned orthodox church, worshiping God and praying for their soul's salvation; for there is no salvation in lager for either the body or the soul. Nevertheless I like the Germans. One who had been in this country a great number of years said to me once that he never had a keener pang sent to his heart than when in Baltimore, shortly after his arrival in this country, he heard a slave speaking the German language. He thought it a shame, he thought it a sin to keep in slavery a man who spoke the German language. Those of you who have read the sparkling narrative of Tacitus, those of you who have dwelt upon his vivid pen-pictures of the German barbarians in their

native forests, can appreciate the remark and feeling of that man. But I am digressing, for I was telling you that the Negro has gotten him some clothing. I may also add he has bought him a little land—692,335 acres in the State of Georgia alone—quite a little farm. He is cultivating this land. On this land he is establishing Christian homes—comfortable homes; not log cabins, not shanties, but real houses with doors and windows to let in the air and the light, and with chimneys built on the inside to let out the smoke. You would be pleased as well as surprised to see the number of comfortable homes the colored people now own in some parts of the city of Atlanta—homes with front yards and shrubbery and croquet wickets sticking up in the grass. Here and there, too, you will find one who is tired of living on the first floor, and so has built him a little two-story house. You see we are getting up in the world. I am glad to say this of Atlanta, although it is not my native home. I feel a little bit interested in Atlanta. I have labored hard there many years. I have studied there and taught there. My little children were born there, and I do hope that they will yet grow up to reflect

great credit upon that city, that State, and this Nation.

I have now given you the bright side of the picture. I have shown you some of the good results of freedom, and I emphatically say that these results are in very large measure attributable to the impulse given to that section of country by Christian education, by the influence of the Bible and the spelling-book in the hands of that little army of teachers. But the war has just begun, and there is no time to cheer. Let us rather catch breath, thank God, and press on to new conquests. That which has been done, friends, is but a drop in the bucket compared with that which must yet be done before you can boast of a Republic resting upon lasting foundations.

The South has yet many needs. In spite of all that has been done it is a lamentable, a startling fact, that illiteracy is increasing in her midst among both races. Her educational facilities are inadequate to the demands now made upon her of enlightening the millions. The South is poor. The South is weak. She is just now recovering from the sad, the terrible, the disastrous effects of rebellion. But she is struggling upward. She is showing signs of new life.

She has a school system. It may not be perfect. It may have defects; but it is a system that may be greatly improved by more money wisely used. The present school population of Georgia is considerably over 400,000, and the present school fund of Georgia is considerably under $300,000. I have no reason to believe that many of the other Southern States are in a better condition. You see, then, the situation. How is it to be bettered? How is it to be helped? Not certainly by casting mud. Not certainly by discussing old issues. Not certainly by calling up old specters. It is useless now to say, "'Twasn't I who did it, but you." It is useless now to say. "I didn't bring the Negro from Africa. I didn't throw him overboard in the middle passage. I didn't buy him and I didn't sell him." This is not the question. Moreover, all this was done, whoever may have done it, and it remains to-day a fact bald, bare, indisputable. It is useless, then, I say, and it is wicked, too, in the face of the great duties of the hour, in the face of the great responsibilities of the hour, for men on either side to come forward with these dead questions, to come forward, and, like Lady Macbeth in her sleep, walking and rubbing her hands, exclaim, "Yet

here's a spot." What about the spot? The world knows all about it. It is a spot, an ugly spot, an indelible spot on the character of this nation. But it can't be removed. You may stand around it until the last trumpet sounds, rubbing your hands and exclaiming, "Out damned spot. Out I say!" But it will not out for anybody. Let us leave the spot. Let us address ourselves to the vital issues which are before us. The whole nation is responsible for that spot; but the whole nation cannot erase that spot. There is a spot, however, which it can erase, which it can wipe out. I mean that black spot of ignorance which so disfigures the map of the Southern section of this country. The nation not only can, but ought to do its part of this work, and the sooner it does it the better. It ought to begin at the very next sitting of Congress, by making an appropriation of twenty millions for that purpose. It would be the best appropriation that Congress ever made. What is the improvement of rivers? What is the improvement of harbors, compared with the improvement of the intellect, with the improvement of the morals of the people? The true strength of a nation does not lie in its rivers, nor in its harbors,

nor in its navy, nor in its army. It lies in the intelligence and virtue of its citizens. These are the productive forces in peace. These are the safeguards in war. Let men be good, let men be intelligent, let them love home and country, let them be able to grasp an idea, to weigh it, to appreciate it, to die for it, and three hundred at Thermopylæ will hold at bay seven millions.

I say the South in general has many needs; but the Negro in particular has more. You have done nobly for him since the war. I mean you Christian people of the North. You have built for him many churches. You have erected for him many costly and magnificent school-houses; so that to-day he does, in many places, recite his lessons in as good buildings as can be found anywhere. But buildings are not everything. They are the shell, not the kernel. President Garfield said: "Give me a log-cabin in the center of the State of Ohio, with one room in it, and a bench with Mark Hopkins on one end of it and me on the other, and that would be a college good enough for me;" and, he might have added, for anybody else. In this remark, however, he only said

"What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,"

namely, that it is the teacher, and not the building, that gives direction to the mind, that shapes and moulds it, that makes or mars it, that strengthens or cripples it, for time and for eternity. Socrates taught in the market-place. Where did Confucius teach? Our Christ, the greatest of all teachers, the model for all teachers, gave instruction more frequently by the wayside, by the seaside, on the mountain-top, than he did in the temple. So, then, while I would appeal for as many more fine buildings as we already have, I would not have you attach too great importance to these, while every one of them —every one of the schools, I mean—is in need of endowments to strengthen the departments they already have, and to establish more; endowments to secure able instructors. It would be a sin against God, and a crime against humanity to allow seven millions of people who are now in your hands to make whatever you can of them—it would be a sin and a crime, I say, to allow them to lack for good instructors, and consequently become the victims of shams and weaklings and adventurers. It is an old saying that if you give a slave a child to train up, when he is trained you will have two slaves. This is sorrowfully

true with regard to the education of children. Put a child under an imbecile, and when he is educated he will be an imbecile. Paul spoke with some little pride of being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; but the strongest proof of Gamaliel's being an able teacher is seen in the learned, acute, deep, zealous, "many-sided" Paul. Like priest, like people.

Not only good instructors, however, but something to work on and work with is needed. Scholarships are needed to assist needy and meritorious students. The keenest pang that comes to a teacher's heart is when he is suddenly informed that some good, some bright, some promising girl or boy must drop out of school in the middle of his course, because —— Because what? Because he hasn't the wherewith to keep soul and body together. Because he can't raise enough money to buy books, and pay the nominal tuition required in those schools. Scholarships, I say, and apparatus, too, and furniture, too. Last June I visited Atlanta University, one of your schools, one of the schools of the American Missionary Association, and one of the most efficient schools you have in all that Southern work. They had just completed a new building, Stone Hall, named in honor of Mrs. Valeria

G. Stone, of Malden, Mass., by whose benevolence it was erected. It is a building perfectly Spartan in its plainness. But there it stood, and there, too, stood the president at his wit's end as to how and where he should secure enough to furnish it. The school with which I am connected has its needs also, and I am not too proud to acknowledge it here. We are now desperately in need of a good library, a choice collection of books wherein the students may rummage for themselves. I know the needs of this department, for I have charge of it. A thousand dollars would give us a fair start; but we haven't it; and yet right here in Brooklyn, and over there in New York there are millions and millions and millions lying idle in iron safes. God doesn't give us money to keep in iron safes. He places it into our hands as into the hands of stewards, and blessed will he be who at the last day can render up the account of a good steward.

But more than buildings, more than apparatus, more than scholarships, the Negro needs to-day to be fairly represented before the people of the North, to be pictured just as he is, not in too bright nor yet in too dark colors—just as he is, and not just as somebody

would have him be. For it is to the Christian people of the North that the Negro, for many years yet, must look for help and sympathy and co-operation. It was to them, as instruments in the hands of God, he had to look for his freedom—to the Lundys and the Lovejoys, to the Garrisons and the Sumners, to the Whittiers and the Greeleys, to the Phillipses and the Beechers, Harriet and Henry—the latter always to the front with an eloquence more than Athenian; the former with a pen mightier than any magician's wand sent into every nook and corner of the earth the thrilling story of Uncle Tom. That book in its day was to freedom what the Pentecost in its day was to Christianity. It made all men—Englishmen and French, Germans and Italians, Danes and Swedes, Russians and Poles, Spaniards and Hungarians, Wallachians and Armenians, Portuguese and Arabians, Chinese and Japanese, hear "every man in his own tongue," the horrible woes of the slave. I say, then, that it is very necessary that the Negro be fairly represented to you, in order that you may judge whether the efforts which you made in his behalf during slavery should be continued now in his freedom, until he may, so to speak, be able to stand alone.

This necessity grows out of an over-anx ou disposition on the part of certain individuals to give to the country at large, by tongue and by pen, what they think to be the true character, condition and prospects of the Negro, and the statements of some have so conflicted with the statements of others, that many good people of the North have been at a loss as to what course to pursue. Consequently some who have been regular contributors to the work have of late withheld their funds, or given but sparingly.

Now, I am willing to admit that many persons who have spoken and written of the Negro as they have seen him in the South have done so from honest convictions and with honest intentions. It often happens, however, that an object looks different when viewed from different points. Some man comes down into the South, and, on the train's stopping at some station, sees a number of noisy and disorderly colored men loafing around. He goes off and writes a terrible article on the demoralization of the Negroes. Another fiery young man rushing through the South, stops for a night at some hotel, and is not properly attended to by some Negro waiter. His fire hasn't been well built, perhaps, or water has not been car-

ried up into his room, or his boots haven't been blacked in the morning. He has been greatly exasperated by a shiftless and negligent fellow. He goes off, gives his experience with a Negro, and with great assumption says, "*Ab uno disce omnes*" (From one learn the character of all). By and by another one comes. He may have some of the good blood of the old abolitionists coursing through his veins. He happens to drop into one of the schools, and perhaps hears just one student recite Greek or Latin or Mathematics. He goes back home, and says, "I told you so. Yes, when I was a boy, and father took such a decided stand in favor of those poor colored people, they threatened to hang him, threatened to tar and feather him. I have just been down in Georgia, down in Atlanta. I visited a colored college, and heard a young man recite Greek as fluently as you would English. I don't believe that young man could be surpassed anywhere, in scholarship or gentility or moral culture." "*Ab uno disce omnes.*" Now, no one of these is a true representation of the Negro. These are the extremes. The true representation would be the mean. The Negro is just as good and just as bad as anybody, just as dull and just as

bright as anybody, just as industrious and just as indolent as anybody. He is man, and whatever pertains to man pertains to him, physically, mentally, morally.

I wish to say right here, in this connection, that there are but very few white people in this country who are capable of passing fair judgment upon us as a race; for the large majority of them do not associate with us. The Jews have no extensive communication with the Samaritans. Now, it is a law in optics that the size of the visual angle varies with the distance of a body, and an object looks smaller as we recede from it. On this principle it is easy to account for the strange and absurd opinions many of our white friends entertain concerning us. They stand off at so magnificent a distance from the Negro that they either lose sight of him altogether, or what they do see of him seems insignificant and contemptible.

While, however, I am willing to give credit to some who have spoken and written about us for honesty of conviction and intention. I sincerely believe there are others who never open their lips, except in a spirit of malignity, and who never write a line about us until they have first dipped their pen into

the ink-bottle of American prejudice. Let me read to you a short article clipped from the New York *Weekly Witness* of September 6, 1883:

CONDITION OF THE NEGRO RACE.

To the Editor of the Witness:

As you have allowed so much to be said through your columns, I would like to have a few words on the subject of "Negroes." I came to Georgia from Michigan entirely biased, as the *Witness* seems to me to be, in favor of the Negro. During my residence in Atlanta I never have had less than five, and as high as twenty-five, of them in my employ, and ought to know something of their character. They are devoid of any principles of virtue, among the men the preachers themselves being leaders in sensuality. The marriage ties have no sacredness either with men or women, but under the slightest pretext they will leave each other, and each take up with some more congenial soul. They are not trustworthy, having no more regard for their word than for so much idle talk. The church members who do the loudest talking will also do the loudest lying, and lead lives of immorality unchecked. What becomes of the young graduates? You will find them as waiters in hotels, servants to gamblers, servants in saloons, waiters in steamboats, and anywhere they can wear good clothes and do no hard work. A Negro never thinks of keeping up his wife, but she must work to support herself, and sometimes him too. There is no ambition in them to improve themselves; they are willing to huddle together in the

most unhealthy part of cities, whole families—five or six children and father and mother—in one room. This is the kind of a fellow-being the Northern press and you, dear *Witness*, would have us harmonize with in our churches, and our children associate with theirs in our public schools, and destroy this color caste. What the South needs for the Negro is an army of teachers, such as Oberlin could turn out. The colored preachers they have, with the exception of a few in large towns, do the people more harm than good, leading them to a religious frenzy and infatuation, in which there is no principle, nor intelligence, nor heart.

You must not take me to be a bilious, soured, disappointed misanthrope. I have done as well as ninety out of one hundred in this life's battle, and am satisfied I have written the truth from observation, and my object is to remove the scales from the eyes of those who would put the black man of the South on an equality with the white man. I think that living among a people gives a better idea of them than driving to their schools and colleges, and being feted by their president.

Yours truly, JAMES LENFESTEY.

Tampa, Fla.

I might reply to this wholesale slander in a genera way by calling your attention to the fact that these people, so hideous, so morally corrupt, as Brother Lenfestey represents them to be, these people who at the close of the war owned nothing, represented nothing—that these people have to-day in the United States a

standing army of 16,000 school teachers, 11,000 males and 5,000 females. The large majority of these teachers are in the South, and have charge of nearly all the public schools for Negro youth. The school commissioners of the South are supposed to be honorable men, and are bound by law to employ no person as teacher who has not a good moral character. Does Brother Lenfestey tell the truth, or are the school commissioners at fault? Surely, too, it need not be repeated here that the teachers in all the common schools of the South are graduates and undergraduates from the various institutions established in that section of country by Northern charity. I hold in my hand a little paper, "*The Bulletin*" of Atlanta University, published occasionally for the purpose of giving public information with regard to the work of that school. I find here a short article written by one of the teachers, and headed, "What our colored graduates are doing." Under this head the writer proceeds to say:

"Of the thirty-two graduates from the college course, five are pastors of churches; one is a college professor; one a law student; eighteen are teachers, of whom five are principals of grammar and high schools; one is a law graduate and United States Treasury clerk; three are in other government service,

and three are dead, one of whom was a law student, and the other two teachers.

"Of the seventy-one Normal graduates (eight of whom are males), one is a law student, one in government service, fifty are teachers and five have died, all of whom were teachers.

"Of the forty male graduates, thirteen have married. Of the sixty-three female graduates, thirty-two have married.

"The undergraduates who are not in school are nearly all teaching or preaching, and of those who are in school probably nine-tenths spend the long summer vacation in this way, and reach as many as ten thousand pupils annually."

This, of course, is the report of only one of these Christian schools; but in this case, with a clear conscience, and from personal knowledge, I can say, "*Ab uno disce omnes.*" Yet these are the graduates who, according to Brother Lenfestey, "are found as waiters in hotels, servants to gamblers, servants in saloons, waiters on steamboats, and anywhere they can wear good clothes and do no hard work."

Now, I might dismiss this whole article by saying, "*falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus,*" false in one thing, false in everything. But lest, to some, I might seem disposed to evade a fair discussion of a question pertaining to my people's morality, I will speak a little more in detail on these charges made against them.

The church to which I belong, the Methodist Episcopal Church, has in the South a membership of 200,000 among the colored people. The same bishops who preside over the white conferences here in the Middle States and New England, preside over the Southern conferences, and yet these men with all their learning, with all their wisdom, with all their experience among the colored people during the last eighteen years, have been unable to see them in the same light in which our good Michigan brother sees them. To the contrary, these honored heads of our church have year after year given the most flattering and encouraging reports of the colored work; and, as a consequence, the old church has kept on giving thousands and hundreds of thousands for its support.

When, about ten months ago, Bishop Warren, presiding over the New York East Conference, spoke against the use of tobacco by the ministry, and stated that he knew a whole conference that abstained, there was great applause, and, according to the newspapers, "it rose to something like a sensation" when the Bishop added "it is a colored conference."

Dr. Rust, for the last sixteen years Corresponding

Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, in his report for the year 1878, bears the following testimony:

"No people contribute more liberally, according to their means, toward the building of churches and school-houses, to the support of their pastors, and the general benevolences. The church property owned by colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the South, consisting of 1,751 plain, comfortable houses of worship, valued at $1,793,483, and 162 humble parsonages, valued at $75,105, aggregate $1,868,588. Our colored members contributed in 1878 for the Missionary Society, $6,171.12; for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, $189.04; for Church Extension, $1,070.89; for Tract, Sunday-school Union, and Freedmen's Aid Society, $5,017.15; making the grand total, $1,881,036."

All this is the work and effort of a people of whom Brother Lenfestey says in the New York *Weekly Witness*, "They are devoid of any principles of virtue, among the men, the preachers themselves being leaders in sensuality. A Negro never thinks of keeping up his wife, but she must work to support herself, and sometimes him, too." This last sentence is the only one in the whole article that has for me a ray of hope; for, if it be true that all the work done so far among the colored people have been done by the women, what, in the name of a just God, I ask,

may we expect from this people when we shall succeed in arousing the men to a sense of their duty?

Once more again. Brother Lenfestey says: "The colored preachers they have, with the exception of a few in large towns, do the people more harm than good, leading them to a religious frenzy and infatuation, in which there is no principle, nor intelligence, nor heart." To this I will reply by simply quoting the remarks of a Southern man who can see that we are comely as well as black, a man who ought to know what he is talking about, a man who stands out to-day on the broad basis of the gospel and common sense, the strongest and bravest advocate in behalf of humanity in all that Southern land. It is needless for me to tell you that I mean that cultured and Christian gentleman who first of all Southern men dared to recognize frankly and openly his "brother in black," Dr. Atticus G. Haygood, of Georgia. *Serus in cœlum redeat.* This Christian gentleman in his speech at Chautauqua last summer says of the Negro preacher:

"With all his faults and imperfections, many of them cruelly exaggerated by caricaturists and sensational writers, I bear this testimony to the Negro preacher in the South: life

would have been much harder there without him. With rare exceptions they have been found on the side of law and order, and in our day of storm and stress they were, as a class, conservators of the peace. There were some shocking exceptions. They have urged their people to send their children to school, and have been useful in a thousand ways. The tens who fall into sin and disgrace are widely advertised; the hundreds who simply do their duty are unknown to the newspaper world."

The same gentleman speaks of the religion of the Negro, "in which there is no principle, nor intelligence, nor heart," in the following manner:

"I have seen them in their many religious moods; in their most deathlike trances, and in their wildest outbreaks of excitement. I have preached to them in town and country and on the plantations. I have been their pastor, have led their classes and prayer meetings, conducted their love-feasts, and taught them the catechism. I have married them, baptized their children, and buried their dead. In the reality of religion among them I have the most entire confidence, nor can I ever doubt it while it is a reality to me. In many things their notions may be crude, their conceptions of truth realistic, sometimes to a painful, sometimes to a grotesque degree. They are more emotional than ethical. The average of their morals is not high; they do many things that they ought not; nevertheless their religion is their most striking and important, their strongest and most formative characteristic. They are more remarkable here than anywhere else; their religion has had more to do in shaping their better character in this

country than all other influences combined; it will most determine what they are to become in their future development. It is wrong to condemn them harshly when judged by the standard white people hardly dare apply to themselves with their two thousand years the start of them. The just God did not judge half-barbarous Israel, wandering in the twilight about the wilderness of Sinai, as he judges us on whom the Sun of Righteousness has risen, with the full light of the gospel day."

I know, friends, I have wearied your patience; but I felt it a duty I owe to my people, to endeavor with whatever ability I may possess, to set them right before you; for I have been apprehending during many years that much trouble and great misfortune would some day fall upon the colored people of the South through misrepresentation by which your feelings and sympathy might be alienated from them. Mr. Lenfestey is not the only one who has contributed toward the bringing about of such a state of affairs. If he were, I should not have deemed his article worthy of notice in the presence of such an audience; for I would venture to guarantee that, if the truth were known, our Michigan brother is not so much interested in the souls and minds of those whom he employs as he is in their hands. There are a few, how-

ever, who have come among us professedly interested in our mental and moral welfare; but who have done us more harm by their presence than they possibly could have done by their absence. They do not belong to that little army to which I alluded in my opening remarks. They were in it, but not of it; just as in the war for the Union there were in the Union army many whose interests and sympathies were elsewhere, and who did more to cripple the Union cause than thrice the same number of enemies outside of the camp could have done. They belong rather to that class of persons who came among us inflated with the idea of race superiority, however contemptible their attainments may have been. They belong to that class of persons, who after coming among us, have been ashamed of us, ashamed to be seen with us on the streets; but have tried to lift us up by standing off at a respectable distance. Unlike the Son of God, they have endeavored to cleanse the leper without coming in contact with the leper, without touching the leper. They belong to that class of persons who came to hold up daily before us a mirror in which we might see our vices, and to hold it up in the spirit of the Pharisee who stood on the corner

and prayed his remarkabe prayer. They belong to that class of persons who came to discourage our boys and girls by drawing disparaging comparisons, by telling them that they can't learn this and they can't learn that as white boys and girls. I know certainly of one instance of this kind, when a student with some resentment referred to Mr. Fred. Douglass as a man who had done a few things as well as white men could do them; but that student was soon floored by being told that Mr. Douglass has white blood in him. *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

You will not be surprised to learn that this class of persons has rarely succeeded in winning either the affection or the confidence of the Negro; nor will you be surprised to learn that they have rarely remained long among us, and that after their departure they have had no good word to say for us. The influence of such persons has been harmful in two respects. While with us they have, by their actions, created in the minds of many of our people a spirit of distrust towards the white race in general; for you must know that some of our people, just as some of yours, are inconsiderate enough to judge the many by the few—I say they have created a spirit of distrust,

and have caused many of the colored people to look with suspicion on white persons who, as it often happens, come among them in the spirit of the good Samaritan. On the other hand, having left us, they have by misrepresentation alienated from us the sympathies of those who had been formerly our friends. It has been my experience that those persons who have suffered most and labored longest among the freedmen, those who have had the strongest reasons to be discouraged by the conduct of some of us, those who have been pained by acts of ingratitude on the part of some of us—I say that class of persons have always been most inclined to throw over our faults the mantle of charity, and say with the Savior: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Friends, what we most need is your confidence in us, your sympathy, your charity—that "charity which suffereth long and is kind." It takes years to educate an individual—twenty long years to educate an Anglo-Saxon. It cannot possibly take less time to educate a Negro. It takes centuries to educate a race. Verily you are a splendid improvement on your forefathers whom Julius Cæsar found running about in the forests of Britain, living upon the roots of

trees, and occasionally offering up a human sacrifice under the Druid oak; but it has taken two thousand years of cultivation to bring you to the point where you can boast of being the consummate flower of civ-lization, and yet there are those who think the flower night yet be improved. The burden of Negro edu-cation has fallen heavily upon you in the past, and as Christians and patriots must for many years yet be to you a matter of great concern; but when you begin o grow weary, remember the patient endurance of he Negro during two centuries and a half of unpar-lleled bondage; and remember, too, that God is with ou, that you are the lever in his hands in elevating race of which America shall yet be proud. Hu-nanity is rising the wide world over, in some places y peaceful, in other places by explosive means; but it s rising, nevertheless, and must rise. God is on the ide of humanity—he always was; he always will be. Christ lived and died for humanity, and the day shall et come when the kingdoms of the earth shall become he kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ; when the ations of the earth, having beaten their swords into lowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, shall urn their energies from the destruction to the im-

provement of mankind, and shall assemble at their centennials, not so much even to display what they have achieved in art and in science, as to show what they have done for man, with man, and what kind, what character of men their country produces. In that day, I have faith to believe, America, crowned with strength and beauty, and standing amidst the older nations of the earth like a young and vigorous mother, will point to her black children in common with her white, and say with pride, "*Haec sunt ornamenta mea*"—These are my jewels.

THE NEGRO'S CLAIMS.

DELIVERED IN HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH, SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14, 1883.

Freedom is the open gate into a life of vast and awful responsibilities. It ushers man into a world of new relations, new duties, new responsibilities. It sets him face to face with his God, with his country, with his fellowman. It is a grand and awful thing to be a free man. Thoughtful men of every age have realized this. The Negro begins to realize it. He realizes it to-day more than he did ten or fifteen years ago. The light of nearly two decades has revealed to him wondrous things. Whereas he was once blind, now he sees—sees his condition, sees his possibilities, sees what is before him, and what is required of him. For this reason he comes before you this evening, comes before the American people to ask help and co-operation—help to prepare himself, that he may bear well the responsibilities which have been thrust upon him in his weakness; help now in his struggles to become a man, a Christian, a citizen, in the best and broadest sense of the term. He feels that he has a

right to come boldly forward and ask for this help—for this co-operation. He feels that he has claims on you many and strong—claims, first, on the ground of a common brotherhood. The Negro is your brother, the child of a common parent. It matters not though you say to me, "Sir, you are mistaken; I belong to the powerful Aryan race, the race that has waged many wars, shed much blood, founded empires and kingdoms, controls the wealth of the world, represents the culture and learning of the world." It matters not though you say to me, "Sir, we differ in features, in the color of our skins and in the texture of our hair." To all this I shall still reply by saying that

> "Fleecy locks and dark complexion
> Cannot forfeit nature's claim,"

that I am still your "brother in black," and your brother in need. It may not be pleasant for you to be informed of this serious fact. It may not be pleasant for you to come here to-night and find a colored relative putting in his claims on the ground of such near kinship. But you cannot ignore me; you cannot discard me; you cannot reject me without throwing away your Bibles, and you dare not do that. That

good book teaches you, when you pray, to say: "Our Father, which art in heaven." Not your father, not my father, not the Jews' father, but "Our Father"—yours and mine. We, then, are brethren, and as a weak and needy brother I have claims on you for help, for assistance; for you "that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." That good book teaches you that "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all." That good book teaches you, through the vision of Peter, not to regard "any man common or unclean." That good book teaches you that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, from which we may infer that every one man's soul is as dear to him as every other man's soul, and that by the common law of love we are bound to help one another. That good book teaches you "to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and them which suffer adversity, as being yourself also in the body." A more fitting passage could hardly be applied to you with reference to those seven millions of people now in the bonds of ignorance, and shrouded, in some places, in a darkness worse than Egyptian. That good book informs

you of the mission of Philip to the Ethiopian eunuch, than which God now gives you a grander and more glorious mission. Philip had the opportunity of sending but one missionary into Africa. You have the opportunity of sending thousands, thousands of Ethiopians who are only waiting to be instructed and baptized, that they may go on their way rejoicing.

You see by this time, doubtless, that we colored people are inclined to base our arguments, when we can, upon the Bible. As a people we are mighty with the Bible, that blessed old book which has come down to us through the ages, crossing over gulfs in which empires have sunk to rise no more. Everything in that old book is with us yea and amen. The learned people of the North, who have more time than we have, may spend it in discussing metaphysics, in querying about the second resurrection, in writing long articles on the second probation. With us all these questions have been settled long ago. Whether there shall be a second probation or not, we don't propose to take that chance; but make the best possible use of this, and "work out with fear and trembling" our "own salvation." If there is a second

probation, we shall be none the worse off for it, and if there isn't a second probation, the philosophers will be all the worse off for it. I say we colored people are mighty with the Bible, that blessed old book, whose truths, though dimly seen and dimly comprehended, sustained our forefathers, and sweetened their bitter cup during the period of a crushing and withering bondage. Indeed, there was a time in this country when the Negro had nothing behind him but God and the Bible. In those days men didn't think there was much power in such help. They relied more on the United States Constitution, and had their delicate sensibilities fearfully shocked when William H. Seward announced the startling fact, that there is a higher law than the Constitution. But while men were fighting and caviling and compromising over that very flexible document, the Negro kept on praying down in the swamps of the South, kept on stealing away to Jesus, until time, the solver of all problems, the revealer of all secrets, proved to this country that God is mightier than man, and the Bible a more reliable piece of writing than the United States Constitution. It was then the Negro's night of

prayer was turned into a morning of song, and with Miriam he sang:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free."

I repeat, then, we colored people cling tenaciously to the Bible, and so whatever you may think, or whatever you may say, or however you may feel toward us, we shall still continue to press our claims upon you on the strength of the declaration made on Mars Hill, a declaration which has come rolling down the centuries with ever-increasing momentum, and to-day has more power and more influence over the hearts and consciences of mankind than all the books and all the arguments ever written on the preadamites.

But the Negro feels that he has even stronger claims on the American people than the common claim of man upon his fellow-man, a stronger claim than the man by the roadside had on the Samaritan. That man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. He was stripped of his raiment and wounded and left there to die; but in all this the Samaritan had no part. It would seem that greater obligation to repair an injury rests upon him who has

inflicted the injury. The American people have, in part, made some reparation to their colored brethren; but only in part; and in small part as yet. They still stand immeasurably below the plane on which Zaccheus stood when he entertained the Savior.

I am so glad to feel that although I stand here this evening the representative of a weak and needy race, yet I do not stand altogether in the relation of a beggar; but in the relation of a man who has been deprived of his "unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil still cries out against this country for compensation. Let us but have the wealth our fathers piled with their toil and their sweat and their blood, from the time they landed at Jamestown until the surrender at Appomattox—let us have their hard earnings, I say, with all the interest and compound interest which accrued during that period, and we should be the wealthiest seven millions of people on the face of the earth, and should be able to pay our own bills educate ourselves, and have a little to lend a needy neighbor. I speak, sir, of course, of what, under such circumstances, would be possible; I speak not in

the spirit of the young man who said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." It might not be best for the two races to "cry quits" in just so abrupt a manner. Deep wounds can only be permanently healed by being slowly, gradually healed, and grievances between man and man can best be obliterated by mutual forbearance, by mutual exchange of kindly offices, by sorrow on one side and forgiveness on the other. It is good, too, for men to have objects, as you now have in those seven millions of needy people in your midst, on which to exercise their charity, their sympathy, their love. These faculties of the soul can be developed and strengthened only by exercise. The strongest love under heaven is a mother's love, that love which the poet tells us is

> "A noble, pure, and tender flame,
> Enkindled from above,
> To bless a heart of earthly mould,
> The warmest love that can grow cold."

But many are the things that contribute to the intensifying of that God-given flame, many are the things that contribute to the drawing out of a mother's affection. The weakness and helplessness

and tenderness of her babe elicits her pity, and pity is the mother of love. But does she love it less as it passes from infancy into childhood, and from childhood to boyhood, and from boyhood to manhood? Nay, verily; but more. Her love grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength, until that which in infancy was an object of mingled pity and love, becomes in manhood an object of mingled pride and love. The mother loves and feels proud of the man; because she has ministered to his every want, provided for him, cared for him in sickness and in health, from his infancy up through all the various stages of his development. On the other hand, when the strong man looks back through long years upon the tendernes of that mother, upon the patient, self-sacrificing labors of that mother, upon the ever-glowing and ever-increasing love of that mother, his bosom, too, swells with mingled love and gratitude toward that mother, and so there is established between parent and child an inseparable, an imperishable bond of affection. It would be better, I think, for America, while she has the opportunity, to establish such a relation between herself and her black children, and solve by love the problem which

cannot be solved by law. There are some problems which cannot be solved by law. The problem of man's salvation could not be solved at Sinai. It had to be taken to Calvary.

Once in a while there come among us in the South individuals who, ignoring our past condition and training, and expecting more of us than they ought, cast up into our teeth, with pretty bad grace, our lack of gratitude, and tell us we do not appreciate what has been done for us. I am willing to admit that there are ungrateful persons among my people. It would be strange if there were not, especially as slavery was not the best school in the world to teach men gratitude. I am willing to admit that there are among us individuals who do not always appreciate what may be done for them. But I should like to know if the American people, in their dealings with us, have not exhibited a similar disposition? I should like to know if they feel that they have fully discharged their debt of gratitude to us? I should like to know if they have shown a full appreciation of all that we have dared and done and suffered in their behalf? There has not been a single war waged in defense of this government in which the Negro has not

periled—yea, given his life for the government. The battle-fields of the Revolution and the Rebellion bear witness alike to his courage, his patriotism, his loyalty. The military leaders of this country have borne witness. Washington bore witness. Jackson at New Orleans bore witness. Scores of officers in the war of the Rebellion bore witness. The Negro fought in common with you to found this government. He fought in common with you to perpetuate this government. From the falling of Crispus Attucks in the streets of Boston to the meeting of Grant and Lee on terms of surrender, the Negro has been found on the side of liberty and good government. Hanged in the streets of New York by an infuriated mob, snubbed and mocked and buffeted and spit upon, put like a leper outside the gate of American society, he has never for a moment deserted the Union; but has clung to it with unyielding tenacity and unfaltering devotion.

The world furnishes no parallel to the conduct of the Southern Negro during the Rebellion. With a remarkable degree of that Christ-like spirit, which could call down a benediction upon his enemies, which could touch and heal the ear cut off by the

sword of Peter, the Negro during the four years of that terrible struggle, when every man and boy able to bear arms had been forced to the front by stern necessity, remained at home and cared tenderly for the helpless wives and children of the very men who were at the time fighting to fasten more tightly the fetters on his limbs, and to found an empire whose corner-stone should be his perpetual enslavement and degradation. Nevertheless, in the heated debates that arose a few years after, over the Civil Rights Bill, a certain member of Congress referred to this very remarkable and very humane conduct of the black man as proof of his utter worthlessness, unmanliness, and cowardice. I thank God for that cowardice. I thank God for that unmanliness. I thank God that the Negro was too much of a coward to cut the throats of helpless women and children. I thank God that he was too unmanly to wreak vengeance on the weak and defenceless. I thank God that he did not repeat for history the bloody scenes of the Haytian insurrection. I prefer to think of him standing David-like over a sleeping Saul. History will yet do him justice.

Was such conduct worthy of grateful returns?

Verily, it was. Did it receive grateful returns? Let us see. Immediately after the war there sprang into existence over the entire South, from Virginia to Texas, those armed bands of night-riders, commonly known as kuklux-klans, whose object and duty were the intimidation and murdering of harmless Negroes, their wives and their little ones. How many of these faithful creatures were thus disposed of during that reign of terror, how many of their bones are now lying on the ground in Southern forests, or on the bottom of Southern rivers, the judgment only will reveal. This we do know, that more shocking scenes, more barbarous scenes, more fiendish scenes never, in all the history of the world, presented themselves for God's sun and moon to gaze upon, or God's midnight darkness to frown upon. Hon. Reverdy Johnson, employed by the people of South Carolina to defend the kuklux of that State, in those memorable trials, after listening to the evidence given in, said: "I have listened with unmixed horror to some of the testimony which has been brought before you. The outrages proved are shocking to humanity; they admit of neither excuse nor justification; they violate every obligation which law and nature impose upon men; they

show that the parties engaged were brutes, insensible to the obligations of humanity and religion. The day will come, however, if it has not already arrived, when they will deeply lament it. Even if justice shall not overtake them, there is one tribunal from which there is no hope. It is their own judgment—that tribunal which sits in the breast of every living man—that small, still voice, that thrills through the heart—the soul of the mind, as it speaks, gives happiness or torture—the voice of conscience, the voice of God. If it has not already spoken to them in tones which have startled them to the enormity of their conduct, I trust, in the mercy of Heaven, that that voice will speak before they shall be called above to account for the transactions of this world. That it will so speak as to make them penitent, and that trusting in the dispensation of Heaven, whose justice is dispensed with mercy, when they shall be brought before the bar of their great tribunal, so to speak, that incomprehensible tribunal, there will be found in the fact of their penitence or in their previous lives, some grounds upon which God may say pardon."

It is to be hoped that these barbarities are now largely in the past, never to be repeated anywhere, in

any place upon any part of God's earth. Would that I could say the same of some other things. Would that I could say the same of the snubbings, the insults, the indignities to which colored men and women are subjected to-day all over this land. The South is not alone in lack of gratitude to the Negro for kindly offices. The whole country is lacking in this respect. It cherishes against him the unchristian spirit of caste, and treats him not according to his character, not according to his culture, but according to his color. A certain humorist has said that men are like trees, which are too often judged by the bark. This is deplorably true with regard to the Negro in America. In every ten cases out of twelve he is judged by the bark. There are to-day but very few first-class hotels in Brooklyn, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Cincinnati, in San Francisco—nay, there are but very few second-class hotels in the country that will admit and entertain colored men and women. It matters not though he be the wealthiest, the most learned, the most cultured man of the race. It matters not though he stand at their doors, and say with Shylock, "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?" To all of this American prejudice replies, "Sir, I tell you we don't accommodate colored people here." If he uses the the word colored, if he uses the word Negro, if he does not spell and pronounce the latter with two g's and a little i, if he does not hurl at you that word so distinctively American, and so pregnant with all the hate and contempt that Americans cherish against the Negro, you may regard yourself as having been politely treated.

This brings to my mind a little experience I had a few years ago in the city of Louisville, Kentucky. I had been to Chicago, had been invited there by the American Missionary Association to speak at its annual gathering. On my way back in company with Prof. Thomas N. Chase, of Atlanta University, one of my old and faithful teachers, I arrived in Louisville early in the morning, and, to my disappointment, found that connection for Atlanta could not be made

until some time in the afternoon. I was on the point of starting off in quest of some breakfast, in quest of some restaurant kept by colored persons, having informed Professor Chase that after satisfying the imperative demands of my carnal nature, I would meet him at some appointed place, or at the train. He insisted on my going along with him to his old hotel, the hotel where he usually stopped when in that city, saying that surely there was a hotel in Louisville where he and I, a white man and a black, a lion and a lamb, could breakfast together. I didn't believe it. I didn't believe that the prophecy of Isaiah could be fulfilled that morning in the city of Louisville. He believed it could. He had more faith in getting his breakfast at the Galt House than I had. Here is one instance certainly, to my knowledge, when the faith of an Anglo-Saxon rose above the faith of a Negro. But he insisted, and led the way, and I followed. Finally we reached the hotel. We entered. We met the proprietor. He was exceedingly glad to see Professor Chase. He smiled all over his face. He inquired about the Professor's family. Everything was lovely; but the goose, alas! was on the

breakfast table where I was destined never to reach it.

In the midst of the proprietor's smiles, Professor Chase pointed towards me and asked if we could have breakfast there together. Instantly those smiles were changed to a frown which must have been related to the frown of those demons of which Milton speaks, when he ways,

> "And such a frown
> Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
> With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
> Over the Caspian."

He informed Professor Chase that so naughty a thing, so preposterous a thing could not take place in his house. Whereupon the Professor began to tell him who I am, and to invest me with all the dignity he could possibly summon up at the moment, he told him I had been to Chicago, had been to the meeting of the American Missionary Association, had spoken there, had been well treated there and he thought I was good enough to sit down and eat breakfast with him or any other man. To all of which our broad-shouldered proprietor replied, "That may be so, sir, but we never allow niggers to eat in our dining-

room." Yet this is the land of liberty, the land in reference to which some one in his rashness or his innocence has sung,

"To the west! to the west! to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;
Where a man is a man, if he only will toil,
And the humblest may reap the fruits of the soil."

Monarchical Europe, with all her dynamite and explosives, will recognize men on the ground of manhood; but republican America comes up to this but slowly and reluctantly. Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden, by far our greatest literary Negro, a man of the very broadest research, the man whose articles as they appear in English and American magazines are seized and devoured with avidity by his friends and his foes, both white and black—the man who at the request of the late Dean Stanley, was unanimously admitted a member of the Atheneum Literary Club in London, one of the most exclusive of its kind in the world; the man who for some time was minister plenipotentiary from Liberia to the Court of St. James; the man who has at his immediate command over a half dozen languages, and speaks Arabic as fluently as you do English—this man, I say, on visiting

the South last fall in the interest of his African work, was compelled to ride through Georgia on a second-class car. Indeed, of all the roads radiating from Atlanta I know but of a single one that now gives first-class accommodations to colored people, and that is the Air-Line road. On this road the Negro is not compelled, after paying first-class fare, to ride with his wife and family on a car in which every white man who desires may enter and smoke and spit and use vile language. Bishop Payne, of the African Methodist Church, a man of sweet and saintly disposition, a fine scholar, a Christian gentleman, a man who was most highly esteemed at the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism that sat in London about three years ago, and who even presided over that dignified body during some of its sittings, was nevertheless put off from a first-class car down in Florida shortly after his return to this his native country. Last August four other colored men and myself went by invitation to Ocean Grove to speak at the educational meetings held at that place. I regret to say that even on that holy ground it was almost impossible to secure accommodations for these few colored men, the hotels all being crowded, just as they were

a few weeks ago in Louisville when the convention of colored men met there. When finally accommodations were secured for us at a hotel kept by an English lady, she, although willing to do everything to make us happy, was nevertheless constrained by the prejudice of her boarders to give us our meals in a separate room. And so it is. We are killed all the day long. We are crucified continually on this Golgotha of American prejudice; and continually goes up from us the cry, "How long, O Lord! how long?" To-night I reiterate the cry in your ears, How long, Oh Christian people! how long? How long will the Christian Church refrain from lifting up as it ought its almighty voice against such outrages? We have claims upon you for better treatment. How long will you allow us to lie chained on this American Caucasus with the vulture of caste tearing our vitals. The Church has power to unchain us. "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth," saith Christ. Is the Church of America the Church of Christ? If so, I say she has power to unchain us. She had power once to strike off fetters of iron. She has power now to strike off fetters of caste. Has the Church forgotten her power? Has she forgotten all that she

achieved in the past with the help of Him who saith, "I am with you alway?"

Has she forgotten how the walls of Jericho fell flat when her priests simply blew rams' horns? Has she forgotten how Goliath fell by the sling of a shepherd boy? Has she forgotten how the might of Sennacherib "melted like snow at the glance of the Lord"? Has she forgotten how Daniel closed the lion's mouth, and the three Hebrew children lived through the fire? Has she forgotten the labors and triumphs of the apostles? Has she forgotten how prejudiced old Saul was converted, and how, after that, Felix trembled and Agrippa was almost persuaded? Has she forgotten how, with the same power, Luther unchained a world, and Wesley vivified and quickened our religion? Is the church asleep? Does she need to have written on her pulpits what the Roman people wrote on the judgment seat of Marcus Brutus, the prætor, "Dormis, Brute!"?

These are questions which, I think, may well be asked at this hour; for it is seldom that we hear of any of God's ministers lifting up their voices against the wrongs and indignities which as a people we are constantly sustaining. Before the war they preached

whole sermons against slavery; they hurled all the thunderbolts of heaven against that peculiar institution; nor did they hurl them in vain. To-day, however, they are remarkably indulgent to those evils which are affecting us vitally, and are, many of them, wasting their time and their powers in trivial discussions, while humanity is suffering all around them. Nay, indeed, in some instances the church has even given her influence on the side of caste, by sanctioning the establishment of separate church organizations on the "color line." The entire missionary field of the South presents one checkered scene of white churches and black churches. Of all the denominations entering that field at the close of the war, there can hardly be found at present a single one that has not yielded to the unholy prejudices of the day. My own well-beloved church, the church of grand old Wesley, whose heart was large enough to take in the whole earth, the man who said "the world was his parish"—the church of Wesley, I say with regret has also its separate organizations, its "white work and its "colored work," with all the caviling and bickering and unbrotherly feelings connected therewith! And I hear just now in the South men of your de

nomination, black men and white, expressing fears that your church that stood out longest and last, and that men thought would stand out ever, solid as Plymouth Rock itself against anything like a surrendering of Christ to caste—that your church, the church of the Puritans, that sturdy and conscientious little band that preferred freedom in a wilderness among savage Indians to tyranny under the gilded domes of civilization, and landing on the bleak and sterile shores of New England, even thanked God and rejoiced and sang.

"Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the surrounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free."

I say I hear men expressing fears that this grand old church toward which liberal-minded people of all denominations in the South have, for the last eighteen years, been pointing with Christian pride and saying, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright"—I hear them expressing fears, I say, that this old church, this good old ship of Zion, freighted with the hopes of many, may yet go down*, too, into the

*Alas! it is gone.

maelstrom of separate church organization on the "color line." Forbid it, Christian friends! Let God have one faithful witness.

Very often, I know, the plea for these separate churches is made on the ground that you cannot force rude and uncultured Negroes into a church with cultured and refined white people. There is reason in that. It must be remembered, however, that all white people are not refined and cultured; nor are all colored people coarse and boorish. But admitting that ignorant and uncultured Negroes ought not to be forced upon the society of refined white people, yet where the two races are living upon the same ground, and where they are equally ignorant, equally vicious, and equally poor, I cannot, I confess, see the force of the argument that demands for them separate church accommodations. It is not argument. It is not reason. It is the imperious demand of a Christless caste. It is the haughty requirement of a class of people who cannot worship God under the same roof with their black brother. There are to-day thousands of people who would rather worship alone in a church without Christ than worship in the church of Christ with their black brethren. While this spirit exists

among Christians, while this spirit exists in the church of God, the Negro cannot expect better treatment at the hands of railroad corporations and hotel keepers.

If I were asked what is the most important work before the American people to-day, I should say unhesitatingly the removal of all race antipathies, the reconciliation of classes, and the moulding of these heterogenous millions in their midst into one loyal, patriotic, liberty-loving people. But this can never be done by slighting some and indulging others, by recognizing some and ignoring others. America, like the Carthaginian queen, must hasten to say to the different races now crowding her shores,

"*Tros, Tyriusque, mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*"

On no other ground can this republic have permanent existence. Everything that tends to alienate any class of its people or any section of its territory is a menace to the principles upon which it is founded. The safety of republican governments lies in union, not in separation. It lies not so much in the sullen independence of individuals, or classes, or races, or sections as it does in their mutual dependence. This

government, as we understand it, is one body whereof we all are members—one body "fitly joined together," with our common head at Washington. The South, then, ought not to be able to say to the North, "I have no need of thee." Nor the North to the West, "I have no need of thee." Nor the Caucasian to the African, "I have no need of thee." Nor the African to the Chinaman, "I have no need of thee;" for this is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," and can only be perpetuated by the united intelligence of all the people.

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

DELIVERED IN THE GEORGIA STATE CAPITOL, JANUARY 1, 1889.

> He only earns his freedom and existence
> Who daily conquers them anew.
>
> —*Goethe.*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

By invitation from your committee I am here to-day to commemorate with you that event in American history which brought freedom to the slave and a new lease of life to the Republic. For reasons, therefore, which are obvious this first day of January might with all propriety be observed as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing by the white people as well as by the black; for while it is certainly a reminder to us of the breaking of the chains which bound our bodies, it ought not to be less than a reminder to them of their own providential deliverance from a system which was brutalizing their natures, corrupting their morals, warping their judgment, cramping their intel-

lect, and dwarfing their souls. It was as impossible for the white man to grow under slavery as for the black. It was as impossible for him to attain to his highest development in the midst of slave surroundings as it would be for the delicate plants of the tropics to flourish in a polar atmosphere. It requires liberty to warm genius into life. It requires liberty to quicken the nobler impulses of human nature. The grandest achievements of man are invariably found where there is the greatest diversity of employment, and the most vigorous competition in every one of the various departments of human endeavor—in the trades, in the industrial and liberal arts, in the sciences, in literature. But slavery was never the nurse of art or science or literature. Slavery is the uncompromising foe of intelligence. It is antagonistic to every conceivable form of skilled labor; for to make a slave skilful is to make him dangerous. To educate him is to liberate him. Slavery, therefore, wherever it exists, must always consist of a small, select class or caste, intelligent, refined, wealthy, powerful, surrounded by a mass of ignorant, thriftless, spiritless, debauched people, a menace to any form of government.

Wide is the contrast between the old South and the new. The old South meant stagnation and death. The new South means life, vigor, energy, thrift, progress. The industrial improvement of the South since emancipation is simply amazing, and it is amazing, because there are to-day in the South more busy hands and busy heads than ever before. Certainly it can not now be said with truth that nobody here works but "niggers." Labor is ceasing to be disgraceful. To say the least, it is becoming more and more respectable. Never was there a time in the history of the South when so many white men were following the plow, pushing the saw, handling the trowel, swinging the sledge. Never was there a time in the history of the South when there were so many of them standing behind the counters of trade, and sitting behind the desk of the school-teacher. Never was there a time when the natural resources of these States received one-thousandth part the attention they are receiving to-day. For as the serpent charms the bird so that it can not look upon any object except that which is to be ultimately its destruction, so had slavery charmed the white population of these States, and diverted attention from the immense natural resources

which God had placed here for beneficent purposes. For two hundred and fifty years the South might well be likened to that figure in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the figure of the man with the rake, raking up straws, while a radiant crown was held above him by angel hand; but he could not see the crown; for his eyes were with his mind, and that was on the straws. For over two centuries slavery raked the surface of this soil. It was reserved for free labor, intelligent, vigorous, energetic, adventurous, to bore down into the heart of the earth, and bring to light gold, silver, precious stones, iron and coal, and make Birmingham the rival of Pittsburg. I repeat, then, that this first day of January might with all propriety be observed as a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving by our white friends as well as by ourselves.

Nay, in very truth, the nation itself might well rejoice on each return of this day. Emancipation was a national blessing; for it was by that one act that was wiped out forever from the national escutcheon the foul stain which had made the Fourth of July and the American eagle and the starry banner a farce and hideous mockery in the eyes of the civilized world. In vain did we boast of the victories of our

George over the other George across the sea. In vain did we sing to the nations of the earth our siren song:

> "To the West! To the West! To the land of the free!
> Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
> Where a man is a man, if he only will toil,
> And the humblest may reap the fruits of the soil."

In vain, I say, did we so boast, while there was in our midst a slave population of several millions doubling itself every twenty years. In vain did we so sing, while fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters were being cruelly separated, bartered off for gold under the very shadow of the national capitol. Thanks be to God, the old flag stands for more now than it did then! Thanks be to God, it represents more to-day than it did in 1860! Thanks be to God it now represents fifty millions of freemen! And never again shall its stary folds float over a land in which man is bought and sold by his fellow man. Never again shall it symbolize to the nations of the earth anything less than "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

It is true, of course, as some of you are even now saying,—it is true that under this flag that waves to-

day so proudly "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," there are at least eight millions of us who do not enjoy in all its fulness the blessings of personal liberty. It is true, I admit, that only too often we are restricted in the exercise of it by unrighteous measures which are the legitimate offspring of a cruel caste; but it is equally true that such measures and such restrictions never fail to call forth the unqualified condemnation of at least two-thirds of the people of this country; and unless I misinterpret the signs of the times, unless I mistake altogether the tendencies of the age, they are all in the direction of the fullest and freest enjoyment on the part of American citizens of all rights, liberties, and privileges guaranteed them by the United States Constitution.

Of course too sudden changes in this direction are not to be expected. Old civilizations die hard, and old prejudices die harder. They have nine lives, like a cat. For this reason, therefore, you may expect for many a year yet to find those who are still living in the dead past, and who will feel it their duty to champion the old order of things, and to throw stumbling blocks in the path of our progress. I entertain no ill will towards this class of persons. I have for

them no word of censure or reproach. I give them even the credit of being sincere; but I assure them from every page of history and human experience that they are mistaken. They are at war with the spirit of the age and the sermon on the mount. Nor are they even consistent. They advocate the theory of repression. They say the Negro must be kept down, for fear of "Negro domination." On the other hand, they hold that he is an inferior race, fundamentally inferior, created so by Almighty God. Why, in the name of righteous heaven, should it be necessary to keep down a race that is naturally inferior? Why should there be any fear of its ever becoming dominant? There is something crooked in this philosophy. To say the least, there is in it something exceedingly incongruous. Nevertheless, it is this kind of philosophy that is subjecting us to insult and outrage all over this country. It is this kind of philosophy that is sending armed ruffians into first-class cars to drag from seats, for which they have honestly paid their money, the best men and women of our race. It is this kind of philosophy that is shutting everywhere in our faces the doors of public accommodation. It is this false philosophy,

I say, by which it is made to appear that every advancement of the Negro is a menace to the interests of the white man; and it is this philosophy that will forever keep alive in the South race antagonism.

The men who advocate this philosophy are not only inconsistent, but incorrect and exceedingly narrow in their views as to the nature of this government. They claim that it is not only a "white man's" government, but an Anglo-Saxon's government, thereby robbing of their merit and glory the noble minded foreigners who helped fight for American independence, and the hundreds of thousands more who were not Anglo-Saxons, but who, during four years of a terrible civil war, fought as bravely and as heroically as any Anglo-Saxon to save this nation from dissolution and ruin. Did not LaFayette, that gallant Frenchman, fight for American independence? Let the battle of Brandywine tell. Did not Count Pulaski, the noble Pole, fight for American independence? Let the same battle of Brandywine tell. Did he not afterwards even fall in an attempt to capture Savannah? Did not Kosciusko, another Pole, and even far more distinguished than the other, cast in his fortune with the cause of American independence?

And what shall we say of the hundreds of thousands who were not Anglo-Saxons, but who poured out their life-blood at Gettysburg and the Wilderness and Chickamauga and around the defenses of Richmond and Vicksburg? Indeed, it is my belief, that if all the blood which is not Anglo-Saxon could be drawn off from the great stream supplying our national life, that which remained would be conspicuous for the insignificance of its quantity.

In the very last American cyclopedia published I find the following statement: "No country has been peopled by such a variety of races. New England was settled by English Puritans and a few Scottish and Welsh; New York by Dutch; Pennsylvania by Quakers and Germans; Maryland by English Roman Catholics; Delaware and New Jersey by Dutch and Swedes; Virginia by English cavaliers; the Carolinas by French Huguenots; Louisiana by French; Florida, Texas, and California by Spanish; Utah by Mormons, chiefly from England, Wales and Denmark. Immigration from Ireland, Germany, England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, and Sweden has been large and progressive. In the year ending December 31, 1884, the total number of immigrants that arrived in

the United States was 463,251. Of those landing at New York there came from Great Britain and Ireland 80,700; Germany, 141,922; Sweden, 16,722; Hungary, Italy, and Russia followed in numerical order. From 1815 to 1874 the immigration from Great Britain and Ireland to the United States was 4,905,262. The Germans and Irish, and their descendants in the United States, probably form one-third of the entire population."

Now you will observe that only the English may be strictly called Anglo-Saxon. The Germans are Saxons. The Scotch, Irish, and Welsh are of Celtic extraction.

Again, if this South is to be governed by Anglo-Saxon blood, there are very many of us now classed as Negroes who might rightfully claim some small share at least in the governing. My grandfather on my mother's side, I know, was an Englishman—an Anglo-Saxon of the bluest vein. His name was Chippendale. Some years ago, when I was in the city of Liverpool, England, I saw this name on several sign-boards over the doors of business establishments, and was almost tempted to call in and claim kinship; but feared lest the effect of semi-tropical suns on my

countenance might have rendered difficult the recognition of even a blood relative. I never knew my paternal grandfather, but a few years ago a German assured me that the surname which I bear was imported to this country from Bremen by his grandfather. Who, then, shall say that, on this Anglo-Saxon blood theory, I have not a right to participate in this government? Who shall say that you have not? Look at this audience, this piebald audience, reminding one of Joseph's coat. Here turned towards me are hundreds and hundreds of faces representing every conceivable shade between the purest white and the purest black. Here is the solid ebony, just as it was brought from Africa, and there it is again, after repeated bleachings, transformed into the blond with blue eyes and flaxen hair. Evidently, now, this theory of Negro subordination to Anglo-Saxon blood, this theory "that the white race must dominate forever in the South, because it is the white race," and the black "must be resisted at all points and at all hazards"—this theory that intellectual and moral worth, that culture and refinement, that integrity and fidelity and gentleness and love are to be held forever in subjection to a barbarous caste—this theory,

I say, is evidently unchristian, fundamentally un-American, and, with the lapse of time and the diffusion of knowledge, must become hopelessly untenable.

And now why this dread of Negro domination, a state of things which can never permanently exist in any part of this country? Is it a fiction of the mind? Is some murdered Banquo occasionally shaking his gory locks at the guilty? Is it conscience that is disturbing the equilibrium of the soul? The intelligent Negro has never asked for domination. Domination? Sir, that is a harsh word to Republican ears. Domination? Why, sir, should there be any desire on the part of any man, or any State, or any section of country to dominate over any other man, or other State, or other section of country? Is not this a government based upon universal suffrage? Does not the very etymology of the word republic convey to the world the impression, at least, that American citizens possess a common country, and are bound together by common interests? I repeat, sir, the intelligent Negro has never asked for Negro domination. Indeed, it would be safe, I think, to say that for the present, at least, he would prefer to see the government controlled by those more capable of

governing—those who for over a thousand years have had the opportunity of studying and putting into practice the science of government, could he but be assured that law would be administered with the utmost impartiality, and that he would not be discriminated against on account of his race. No, sir, the Negro craves not domination. He simply asks for an equalization of rights and privileges such as belong to American citizens under the fundamental law of the land. As an American citizen he cannot ask less, nor be contented with less.

Instead, therefore, of the repression of man, let the South continue to bend her energies towards the elevation of man, as she has already done to a very commendable degree, and is likely to do, if the counsels of her wiser and cool-headed men prevail. I know that I voice the sentiments of this assembly as well as of the colored people throughout the State when I say that we are thankful to the Georgia legislature for remembering so kindly, and aiding so substantially, at its present session, the cause of popular education. Let Georgia proceed on this line. Let her educate the Negro, so that he cannot be a pliant tool in the hands of small politicians. Let her teach him

to think for himself, so that he may be able to see through the designs and hypocrisies of demagogues. Let her so build him up in moral strength, that he will appreciate his own manhood, and think as soon of cutting his throat as of selling his vote. Let her do these things in the fear of God and in the love of man, and, to say the least, a very important part of the problem will have found a solution; for it is by a rational and equitable course of action, and not by the advocacy of "Anglo-Saxon domination," that "the Negro must be led to know and through sympathy to confess that his interests and the interests of the people of the South are identical."

But it may be well for us now to take a retrospective view of the path we have traveled as freedmen. It is twenty-six years to-day since Abraham Lincoln gave to the world his immortal proclamation. For twenty-six years we have enjoyed freedom, however imperfect it may have been Have we shown ourselves worthy of it? Thanks be to God, we are not our own judges! The world has sat in judgment upon us. Our friends and our enemies have united in the confession, that the progress of the American Negro under freedom is one of the marvels of the age. It has

no parallel in the world's history. National statistics, statistics of States, reports of benevolent organizations, all prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt. We have written the last twenty-six years of our history in acts. We have done a great many things which the philosophers prophesied we could not do. First it was predicted that we would all die out under freedom, and many simple-minded people slept soundly on that theory, until the census of 1880 revealed the startling fact, that instead of dying out, we are increasing fearfully and wonderfully. It became evident then that although we are a race of idiots and fools, we are not such fools as to live through American slavery, and die out under American freedom—live, forsooth, when we ought to die, and die when we ought to live. No, no, no, we are not so demented as all that, whatever may be the shape and thickness of our skulls.

There were, however, still others who decided with emphasis that we could not learn. Our heads were not of the right shape, and as for our heels, they entirely unfitted us for education. Neverthless, since those predictions were made, hundreds of our young men have taken full college courses right here on this

soil, and several score of them have taken diplomas from such institutions as Harvard and Yale and Amherst and Brown and Dartmouth. There are in the South to-day 18,000 Negro school-teachers, and according to the very latest estimate there are 1,200,000 Negro children receiving instruction in the common schools of this country.

In spite, then, of all ominous predictions, we have not only lived and thrived; but have made a splendid advance all along the line; and, if we but cling to the God of our fathers, he will continue to lead us on to grander and still grander achievements, streaming upon our pathway the light of heaven, and making more and more the sufferings and anguish of the past to appear as nothing compared with the glory which is to be revealed in us.

And, now, let us not on any occasion of this kind forget our friends and benefactors—those who sought us in the hour of need, and have clung to us through years of struggle and sacrifice. Some of them are with us this afternoon. We rejoice to see them in our midst. Worn they look, and well may they look worn; but they have not labored in vain. This will be an hour of refreshing to their hearts. Let

us, I say, not forget those who have toiled in our schoolrooms and pulpits, nor those who, after years of faithful service, falling at their post, now lie buried among us. Out yonder in West View Cemetery is a grave that ought to be as sacred to us as to Mohammedans is the shrine at Mecca. That grave is the resting place of the remains of one who did more than any other to make possible the scene before us this afternoon. Coming to this city when it was in smoking ruins, when the people were living in tents, when the smallpox was raging, and

> "Despair
> Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,"

when men, women, and children were dying as much of destitution as of disease,—coming at such a time, he planted for you a school in this city which has never been surpassed, if equaled, by any school of similar grade. Next he established for you a university from which many of you and your children have received that strength and that culture which give you to-day social standing, and make you useful members of society. I regard it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been brought into contact

with so pure, so unselfish, and so Christ-like a character as President Ware.

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, let us go from this hall with a quickened sense of our duty towards God and towards man. Let us go forth with a renewed determination to perform well our part on the stage of life, promoting everywhere to the best of our ability, peace and temperance and purity and justice and all those virtues which enlarge the soul and give strength to human character.

LIBRARY OF GAMMON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE, DECEMBER 21, 1888.

The true University in these days is a collection of books.—*Carlyle.*

No possession can surpass or even equal a good library to the lover of books. Here are treasured up for his daily use and delectation riches which increase by being consumed, and pleasures which never cloy.—*Langford.*

It was certainly a very courteous, though, I think, not a very judicious, act on the part of the faculty of Gammon Theological Seminary to invite me to make a speech on this auspicious occasion, for I am fully satisfied that the time which I shall occupy could have been occupied with far greater profit to you by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me, and in terms both eloquent and elegant have discoursed to us so wisely and so well. In the remarks which I may happen to make I can hardly hope to do more than indorse and, if possible, emphasize the sentiments already so admirably expressed in your presence.

Of course, an occasion of this kind is full of significance. It is full of inspiration. Nor can it fail to bring joy and gladness to our hearts; for it is an occasion that marks another step in the progress of a great and good work—another step in the progress of a work, whose sole object is the establishment of righteousness and peace and purity and truth and justice and moderation and brotherly kindness and all those Christian virtues and graces by the practice of which men are made better and human government rendered more secure.

The South is to be congratulated in that a work of so great importance, and so sorely needed, has been established in her midst.

We are to be congratulated in that the practical benefits and advantages to be derived from this work are to-day peculiarly our own. We are to be congratulated in that when we were destitute, utterly unable to provide for ourselves means of instruction, God put it into the hearts of good men and women in the distance to send to our very doors the blessings of Christian education. Here now is something to be thankful for, and here now I stand, and in the name of the Negro race thank God, and his good

people, too, for what both he and they have done for us in this direction.

I know not what may be your feelings at present. I know not what thoughts may be coursing through your minds suggested by this occasion—the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the first library building to be erected on the American continent for the special, though not exclusive, benefit of Negro youth—I say I know not what may be your thoughts and feelings; but as for me, I rejoice exceedingly that I have lived to see this day and this hour. It is good for us to be here.

Indeed, there are but few things that, in the quieter moments of these stirring times, give me so much real pleasure as the thought that for nearly nineteen long years I have been here on this field, and have been permitted not only to be present on a number of occasions similar to this, not only to witness the marvelous growth and development of the educational work, but to be even a part of it, however small and insignificant that part may be. It is a great privilege to be at the beginning of things, to have a hand, so to speak, in putting in the foundations, and in helping to give shape and direction to a movement which

is to affect mankind for good throughout the eternal ages.

Altogether the auspices of this hour are favorable, and the thoughts that crowd into one's mind numerous and exhilarating; but it will not do to linger on the mount of vision; for there may be some sober, and even useful, lessons to be learned in the valley of contemplation. Let us, therefore, descend, and inquire of this hour, what are the lessons it brings. Do they relate to the past, or cast their shadows into the future?

One certainly I read as clearly as if it were written in this book before me. It is this: God is in this work, mightily carrying it forward to the accomplishment of beneficent ends. How else shall we account for it? Whence its existence? Whence its maintenance, its protection, its defense during these past years of struggles and trials and anxieties? In the face of obstacles, in the face of difficulties, in the face of embarrassments, financial and other, in the face of opposition, bitter and determined, it has taken root and lived and thrived. Like the grain of mustard seed it has produced a tree—the tree of knowledge into whose broad branches spreading wider and

wider thousands escaping from the bondage and debasement of ignorance have found refuge and shelter and comfort and peace.

This work has not only thrived in the face of opposition, it has thrived because of opposition. As the character of a great and good man under the assaults of malice and slander and vituperation seems not only grander in the majesty of its self-possession, but becomes thereby even a thousandfold more potent for good, so the character of a great and good work; for it is only when it has been so assailed and tested that it has an opportunity of declaring its inherent right to live.

This work has triumphed as this blessed old Bible has triumphed—this blessed old Bible that has come down to us through the ages, crossing over seas and gulfs into which empires and kingdoms have sunk to rise no more. Assailed by barbarism, assailed by fanaticism, assailed by skepticism, assailed by infidelity, assailed by free-thinking and free love and free rum and free devilism of every conceivable kind and character, it still stands triumphant, "towering o'er the wrecks of time," the only chart, the only guide, the only consolation, the only solution for the problems numerous

and intricate springing out of our complex and feverish existence. "Bear in mind," said grand old Socrates, in the presence of his accusers and judges—"bear in mind that no evil can happen to a good man before or after death." Bear in mind, young ladies and gentlemen, bear in mind, the youngest of you here to-day, that nothing founded upon God or upon his immutable word can ever perish or come to naught.

Naturally enough we derive another lesson from this hour—the permanence of this work. It was not established for your benefit simply, nor for mine; but for the benefit of our children and our children's children. This work was not established for any fixed period of time, for twenty years or fifty years or an hundred years. It was established to live on indefinitely. It may, and it must, undergo changes and modifications, such changes and such modifications as will adapt it to the ever varying needs of human society, and keep it fully abreast of the educational demands of the times. That, however, will be a change of front rather than of base. This work is to live. As long as the Republic shall live, and it will help it to live, as long as good men and wise men and patriotic men

shall live, this work shall live, and shall continue to extend its inestimable blessings to mankind.

The ever increasing number of buildings bespeaks its permanence. It is not yet nine years since the corner-stone of this building was laid. At that time good Bishop Simpson said—his voice tremulous with emotion—that the older men present might not live to see it ; but he doubted not that the younger men would live to see the day when other buildings would be erected on this campus. How has their number increased !

More significant, however, than the number of buildings is the character of the buildings. They are constructed of the most substantial material. They are resting on rock foundations. Why, when we were about to erect Chrisman Hall we found on these grounds some stone, granite, which we thought might be suitable for foundation purposes ; but trusting not to our own judgment, we took a small piece of it into the city and had its durability tested by a gentleman skilled in such matters. And what do you think was his verdict ? Why, he said that that stone would crumble, perhaps ; but certainly not under a thousand years. And so in the innocence and simplicity of our

hearts we, the trustees of Clark University, ventured to rest upon foundations of that stone the massive structure in which to-day we are assembled. The edifice now in process of erection is, I understand, not only to rest upon rock foundations, but to be fire-proof besides.

Now, men, wise men, judicious men, men even of common sense, do not usually build with such care and such solidity that which they expect to be ephemeral, nor, in very truth, do they often invest their precious time and thought and money in a work which is to have transient existence. These buildings are the symbols of a faith that borders almost upon certainty—the symbols of a faith sublime that takes hold with one hand upon God, and with the other upon humanity, and that, too, black humanity, regarded as the most doubtful kind.

Just here there shoots into my mind a thought that is exceedingly pleasing, a thought, I confess, not altogether unmixed with pride. It is the thought that we, as a race, have, by God's help, contributed no little towards the state of things over which to-day we so much rejoice, no little towards

giving to the educational work the permanent attitude it now exhibits, no little towards the strengthening of the faith of our friends. I have reasons to know that faith in Negro education is much stronger to-day than it was twenty-five years ago. It had not then reached the sublime. In truth, there was at that time no little skepticism as to the intellectual capabilities of the Negro, both in the North and in the South. If you wish to convince yourself of the truth of this assertion, read the reports of the numerous benevolent societies organized immediately after the war for the aid and relief of the freedmen. Read in those reports the many and queer inquiries made with regard to the Negro. One estimable lady wrote to a certain General, at that time, I think, commanding a department of the South, and acting for the Freedmen's Bureau, to give her his honest conviction as to the black man's mental capacity. To this the General, with a terseness more than laconic, replied, "The Negro, madam, is intensely human."

Such, I say, was the state of feeling at that time. The war was over, it is true, and thousands were glad that no more blood was to be shed, at least, for a while; but it had fastened itself upon the minds of many, that

Emancipation had left upon their hands an elephant, a great, big, black elephant. What was to be done with him? If he could learn, we could educate, and at least, make a useful citizen of him. But who had ever thought of Negroes in connection with books? Who had ever thought of Negroes in connection with art, science, literature? The one term had never suggested the others. They were not relative, don't you see? Men had known the Negro in the South as a slave, and in the North as a bootblack, barber, and washer of windows. They knew what he could do with muscle. And, by the way, ladies and gentlemen, it is perfectly astonishing what the Negro has done with his muscle for this country. Why, it was he who felled the forests, cleared the land, planted the crops, raised the corn, and made cotton king in the commercial centers of the world. And when, because of his "unrequited toil," this country was agonizing in the throes of civil war; and when the other nations of the earth were standing on tiptoe, rejoicing, some of them, to see "states discordant, belligerent, drenched in fraternal blood," it was even then the Negro who tilled the soil, planted the crops, harvested the grain, fed, and with his own strong black arm de-

fended against insult and outrage the helpless women and children whose husbands and fathers were at the front, fighting with the avowed purpose of founding an empire whose corner-stone should be slavery. God Almighty will never forget that act of magnanimity on the part of the Negro. Nay, and a generous South will not forget it. There is not a Southern white man with a spark of the genuine Oglethorpe chivalry in his soul who does not, when he looks into our black faces and thinks of those awful times, feel his heart throb a little faster with gratitude to us—not one who does not deep down in his soul respect us for our unparalleled fidelity to trust. He may in the heat of political and race discussions suppress the promptings of his nobler nature; but he can not rid himself entirely of his feelings of obligations. He may at times boastfully remind us of what his race has done, and what ours has not. And it is true, ladies and gentlemen, that his race has done a great many things which our race has not done, and a great many things which, I pray God, our race may never do. His race has founded empires and kingdoms, built steamships and railroads; and literally girded the earth with telegraph

wire, until we are permitted to see in the nineteenth century the fulfillment of John's prophecy—"there shall be no more sea." His race has waged wars and shed blood and taken away their territory from weaker races, and said it was done by divine right; but there stands out to the credit of the Negro that one magnanimous act, at least, for which there is no parallel in human history.

But pardon me this digression for I have strayed away from the point which I was about to establish. Yet before returning to it I ought, for my own justification, to make one explanation. If I should seem to you to wander a little, or be a little irregular or illogical in the presentation of my remarks, you must attribute it not so much to the exhilarating influences of the hour, as to the conditions on which I accepted the invitation to speak here to-day. For when President Thirkield invited me I was at first reluctant, and, indeed, even on the point of refusing positively; but noticing in the gentleman's face that I should have to make this speech or suffer worse punishment, I yielded with that submissiveness of spirit by which I have been characterized from my earliest youth. But when recovering somewhat from my trepidation, I

ventured to ask the reverend gentleman what should be the nature of my remarks, if they were to be simply informal, straightening himself up suddenly he said with all possible gravity, "Be as formal as you please, and as informal as you please." Hence I have been doing my best to work up to this standard; and really, ladies and gentlemen, I think I have succeeded up to this point.

But now to return, I was saying that at the close of the war there was considerable skepticism as to the intellectual capabilities of the Negro. Men knew what he could do with muscle. It had never occurred to them what he might do with mind. Nevertheless, as a last resort they began to build schoolhouses all over the South. The national government, through the Freedmen's Bureau, assisted, more, I am inclined to think, from a sense of duty and of gratitude to the Negro for valuable services rendered during the war than from a belief that any great or good thing would come out of Nazareth. At any rate the houses went up—ordinary frame houses, cheaply built.

Then came along that unique product of our American civilization—the Yankee schoolma'am. Archime-

des said all he wanted was a place to stand and he would move the world. It is but justice to her to say that all she asks is a place to sit, and she will do the same. She entered those ordinary school buildings. She took her seat, and on that day ignorance throughout her whole black realm of slimy monsters and hideous shapes trembled.

The contest began, and in a few years it was actually proved that light could be brought out of darkness, and that little black boys and girls with flat noses and kinky hair could not only learn, but learn very rapidly to read and to write. Next they tried them in mathematics with success; for some of those very boys have since then, as you know, been graduated from West Point Military Academy. Finally they introduced them to the grand old tongues of Demosthenes and Cicero, and many of them, it is but fair to say, took to those studies, if you will allow the homely expression, as readily as ducks take to the water. Then said our friends, "It is enough. Let them come up higher. It is enough. The crucial test has been made, and these people have demonstrated by their patient endeavor, by their industry, perseverance, and zeal, that they are not only worthy

of all that we have done for them, but they are a people capable of indefinite culture and development." Thereupon, instead of little school-houses scattered promiscuously over the South, there began to be formulated the grand systems of education which now might well be the pride as they certainly are the hope of the South. Then, instead of coarse wooden buildings, there began to spring up, as if by magic, those commodious and elegant structures in which to-day the pioneers of a great race are equipping themselves for the battle of life.

How is this work so founded, so durable in aspect, to affect the South? How else can it affect it but for good? We of to-day, I fancy, are laying the foundations upon which is to be built up, both for this South and for this nation, a civilization which is to be at once unique and grand—unique because of the Negro element in it. Who knows what is locked up for the world in these long neglected heads of ours? Who can tell what enthusiasm, what spirit, what emotion, what fiery energy is to be thrown into our Christian civilization by the warm heart, the affectionate and sympathetic nature of the Negro?

What one of the races has shown such unswerving fidelity to trust? Who can love like a Negro?

Some years ago, in South Carolina, I became acquainted with a man, a good, honest, hard-working blacksmith. Somehow I always had great regard for blacksmiths. Even now I like to stand and see them pound the old iron, and make the sparks fly. Hence you can imagine my feelings when for the first time in my boyhood I read Longfellow's poem:

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are as strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long.
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

The smith to whom I was alluding was just that kind of a man, with one exception. The tan on his face had not been produced by the hot fires of the forge. It had been inherited from ancestors whose

cheeks had been bronzed by the tropical suns of Africa. I say he was such a man—loved and respected throughout his whole county. He had been a slave; but had had good owners who clung to him after emancipation, as many such owners throughout the South did, both to their own advantage and the advantage of the Negro. Well, this man had a wife, a woman several years older than himself, a good, industrious woman. A slave herself, she had been reared in the family of a Southern Methodist preacher. Her husband said to me often that she had "been the making" of him. Blessed is the man who can say that of his wife; for too many nowadays are the unmaking of good men. This good woman did not belong to that class, as you see. She belonged to the class, young women, to which it is to be hoped the most of you will belong when you go out from these halls, carrying with you the hopes and anxieties of your teachers.

Now, in the days of slavery, this good woman lived in Laurens county and her husband in Abbeville county, a distance of about eight miles. The only time he could spend with her in those days was from Saturday night till Monday morning. About midway

between the two places was a branch which, after heavy rains, was so swollen that, on reaching it he would often be compelled to strip off his clothes, tie them in a bundle upon his head, and in the darkness of the night swim across—all this that he might spend one day and one night with that wife and little girl. Who can love like a Negro?

The mother of Douglass, the great Douglass, famous in two hemispheres for his unrivalled eloquence and his unconquerable manhood—Douglass, of whom a certain New Hampshire senator said not so long ago, that if he could have his ability, he would be willing to take his skin too—I doubt that, however—Douglass, of whom a certain South Carolina senator, a Southern man, a Bourbon, if you please, once said, he regarded, taking him all in all, as the most remarkable man America has produced in this century—well, this Douglass had a mother who, though sold off from her boy on a distant plantation, would walk, after her day's work, in the darkness of the night, a number of miles and back before the driver's call in the morning—and all this that she might spend just one hour with her little Fred. Oh, who can love like a Negro? It makes me happy

sometimes to think that within these black bosoms of ours may be throbbing hearts, which are most nearly in unison with the heart of the great Christ. It is no wonder that Douglass is a great man. We boys represent our mothers. And it is no wonder that an institution which cramped, for it could not crush, such love and affection and fidelity—it is no wonder such an institution could not stand. It was built upon the sand, and when "the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon it," it fell, and great was the fall of it. Thanks be to God it has fallen; but thanks be to Him, too, that we are permitted to take part in laying foundations more durable, on which is to be built up the civilization of the New South. The corner-stone of the New South is to be no longer human slavery, but Christian education. In this, too, and in nothing else, lies the solution of the so-called Negro problem.

Thanks be to God, many of the best men of the South realize this, and are acting in accordance with their convictions. Thanks be to God, their number is increasing. Conspicuous among these, and pre-eminently worthy of mention on this occasion, is our good friend, Dr. Haygood. There is good in his

name and good in his nature. Too large for a bishop, he has become the exponent of liberal ideas in the South, and the recognized leader in matters pertaining to popular education. It is true, that as he sometimes passes by on his God-given mission some little man barks at him; but so barked the little folks in the days of Christopher Columbus, when that great Genoese, foot-sore and heart-sore, but with a great thought in his soul—God had put it there—was seen tramping through the streets of European cities, on his way to the palaces of indolent kings, to endeavor to enlist their sympathy and co-operation in an enterprise which was to give to Christianity a new world, and to Freedom a last resort. One generation kills the prophets, and the next builds monuments to them. The day will come when the white people of this South will regard the whitest marble hewn from Italian quarries as not white enough to express in tangible form their gratitude to the man who, first of all Southern men, sent ringing through this world, and with no uncertain sound, his frank recognition of his "brother in black."

Unfortunately, the men who hold opposite and extreme views have so far been able to offer nothing

towards the solution of this problem—no remedy whatever for the disease, except the old Sangrado method of bleeding. They hold that the only hope for the South is in the repression of the Negro. They admit that he is good, that he is kind, that his women nursed them tenderly in their childhood, that the dear old mammies with their black cheeks "crooned over" them; but, notwithstanding all this, the Negro must be kept down. It is a great mistake. The welfare of the South and the peaceful solution of the race problem must be sought not in the curtailment of human rights, but in the widest possible diffusion of Christian education.

And now, young men, students of the school of theology, it was my intention to dwell at length on the lesson, and to me it seems the most important of all, which this hour brings to you; but I have already spoken too long, and the gentlemen who preceded me have touched upon it with some emphasis. I will be pardoned, therefore, for crowding into a few sentences what I have to say on that point. The lesson which this hour brings to you is the lesson of responsibility. Great are the privileges you now enjoy, and correspondingly great will be the expectation

of the people as to your future usefulness. You will be expected to throw new and living force into the civilizing and christianizing influences of the pulpit. You will be expected to give a mighty uplift to the evangelization of the masses, and to impart to them a correct view of life, a right conception of duty, and a proper appreciation of civil liberty. In view of this your duty is now plain. Make the best possible use of present opportunities. They are yours only while they remain within your embrace. Waste no time in moaning over the past, or dreaming about the future. There is a future for every one of you who will improve the all-important present. In the language, then, of Horace I say to you, "*carpe diem*," seize the day, or rather pluck it like ripe fruit from the tree. Every day, every hour is ripe with opportunities for the seeing eye and diligent hand. "Give me," says Emerson, "give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds." But a greater than Emerson, a greater than Horace, a greater than any metaphysician, poet, or philosopher has said, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, dividing aright the word of truth."

Now just a word as to the generous founder of the Theological Seminary. And why need I say more than a word? Could I, by speaking during the hours of the night, lift him to a place higher than that which he already occupies in your estimation? Could I, by any effort on my part, possibly give him a warmer place in your grateful affection? He stands high above anything like extravagant panegyric. He has built his own everlasting monument. In St. Paul's cathedral are written these words: "Si quæris monumentum, circumspice"—If you seek his monument, look around. To the inquisitive stranger ascending these hills in the future, and unacquainted with the life-work and benefactions of Mr. Gammon, it will be sufficient for our children to say, "If you seek his monument, look around!" In a higher, however, a nobler, grander sense has Mr. Gammon erected a monument to himself. Every young man who shall go forth from this place to preach faithfully the Gospel of Jesus Christ will be a monument to him. Every soul that shall be converted through such preaching will be a monument to him; and when in the course of time the South, through the instrumentalities of Christian education, shall have been

redeemed from the curse of slavery, when peace shall dwell within her walls and prosperity within her palaces, and when "clothed and in her right mind" she shall stand forth radiant in the beauty which liberty gives, she will place high up on the roll of her noblest benefactors the honored name of E. H. GAMMON.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.*

DELIVERED AT CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., AUGUST, 1885.

Tsze-Kung asked, saying, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said, "Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."—*Analects of Confucius.*

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.—*Sermon on the Mount.*

It is certainly one of the most hopeful signs of the times that the South has at last come squarely to the front, and begun to discuss in a dispassionate and candid manner the relations of the two races existing in her midst. We hail this as the dawning of a better day, as the inaugurating of a new epoch in our history, and as being by far the most significant step taken since the war towards the proper and peaceful solution of the so-called "African Problem." For assuredly it is only through the legitimate channel of free discussion that men may hope to arrive at moral truth; and that there is involved somewhere in this

*Discussed by George W. Cable, Henry W. Grady, Bishop Dudley, and others, in *Century Magazine*, for January, April, and June, 1895.

problem a moral element, an element of right, the ignoring or evading of which must keep it a problem for all time, no man of sound mind and honest heart for a moment doubts.

Hitherto, and it is much to be regretted, the greater part of that which has been said and written by Southern men on the "Negro Question" has been extremely one-sided, and of a nature to excite fear and intensify prejudice. Alarmists have not been wanting, theorists there have been many—many to plan and devise and suggest. But, so far as our observation goes, all these might easily be reduced to two classes—those who at all hazards and at any hazard would have the Negro removed from their midst, and those who, tolerating his presence, would, nevertheless, curtail for all time his rights as a man and a citizen.

"It is right," says the Kentucky *Live Stock Record*, "that the people of Kentucky should be stirred up to get rid of the redundant Negro population; the matter has too important a bearing on the future progress of the State to be disregarded and treated with indifference. The question that presents itself to our Legislature is, are we to allow our rich lands, coal, timber,

and mineral wealth to lie comparatively undeveloped, and the Negroes to continue to use their advantages of cheap living and stealing to displace the whites in the channels of labor, and prevent white immigration? We know that they labor in the same channels, and only do so much as will supply the pressing necessities of the hour; that they originate no new undertakings, develop no new industry, have no inventive faculties, accumulate no wealth, indeed, are mere drones, and act as clogs on the wheels of progress. Let the coming Legislature inaugurate some plan to induce the Negro to emigrate from Kentucky."

The article, of which the above is an extract, was copied by the *Planters' Journal*, published at Vicksburg, Miss., and indorsed by that journal as "wisely said."

About a year later Senator Butler gave it as his opinion that the State of South Carolina would be greatly benefited by the "deportation" of "one hundred thousand of its Negroes;" and still more recently we have had from the pen of Professor E. W Gilliam two vigorous articles, one in the *Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1883, and another in the *North Ameri-*

can Review for November, 1884, in which articles the professor urges with all the subtle force of logic the voluntary or involuntary colonization of the Negro. "Let the African turn or be turned to Africa." This is what the learned gentleman "conceives" to be the "remedy" for the evils threatening what he is pleased to call "a white man's government."

Now, with perfect respect for the opinions of those differing from us, we cannot but feel that of all the remedies yet proposed, that of colonizing the Negroes in Africa is the only one which is absolutely, hopelessly impracticable. Colonize seven millions of human beings, of a race the most prolific on the earth, the Chinese, perhaps, excepted. One might as reasonably hope by the use of buckets to empty Lake Superior into the Atlantic ocean. De Tocqueville, writing on this subject fifty years ago, observed that "the mass of slaves" was "too great for any expectation of their ever being removed from the country to be entertained." At that time we were only two millions.

But, if wholesale colonization were even possible, it would surely not be free from many difficulties and discouragements. Without doubt the number of Negroes who would be willing to leave at present for

Africa would be exceedingly small as compared with the great mass, and would be composed largely, if not entirely, of the intelligent class who are now chafing under the weight of social proscription. Nor are we indeed sure that even among these considerations of a higher nature would not in a large degree counterbalance the promptings of self-interest. There are many intelligent Negroes who would long since have sought for themselves a more congenial home than that which America affords, had it not been for the conviction that they have here a work to do, that their energies, their influence, their intelligence, are needed by their weak and ignorant brethren, and that to abandon these for the purpose of seeking individual good would be an act to be deprecated as at once cowardly and supremely selfish. Under convictions of this kind many an intelligent Negro has been led to say to his struggling race in this country:

> "I with thee have fix'd my lot,
> Certain to undergo like doom: if death
> Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
> So forcibly within my heart I feel
> The bond of nature draw me to my own."

There is another fact which cannot be disguised.

The large majority of the Negroes, notwithstanding the terrible ordeal through which they have been made to pass, have a strong attachment for this country. Be this the result of long local association or whatever you please, it is a fact. They love this country. They have known no other. To many of them, with all its faults, it is home. They have fought for it again and again on every battlefield where its life has been threatened, from the falling of Crispus Attucks in the streets of Boston, to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It is the place of their birth. Their fathers lived here, suffered here, died and are buried here. Freedom has not weakened this love of country. The acquisition of property, the establishment of the home, the ties of kindred—all these are strengthening the attachment of the Negro to the soil and making him more and more a fixture in these United States. Some short time ago, at the commencement of a Negro college in South Carolina, a student by the name of Scipio having declaimed well, was roundly applauded. On taking his seat a distinguished bishop present exclaimed, "Well done, Scipio Africanus!" To which, with instinctive quickness, the youth replied, "Ah,

no, bishop, not Scipio Africanus, but Scipio Americanus." Voluntary colonization, I apprehend, will not for many years yet diminish perceptibly the Negro population of the United States.

On the other hand, the obstacles in the way of enforced colonization are of a more serious nature. The Negro to-day is free. He is an American citizen. He has constitutional rights. The ballot is in his hands, ignorant hands, to be sure; but hands by which, says Judge Tourgée, "the ballot has been cast with more singleness of purpose and less of personal corruption than I have ever witnessed among white men in any part of the country. The privilege," continues the same author, "of casting the ballot was one they (the Negroes) would no more think of intermitting than the ancient Jew would forget his pilgrimage to Jerusalem." It is not reasonable to think that the same Negro would now use what he regards the most sacred right of a freeman to expatriate himself from a country which by his toil, by his sweat, and by his blood, he has so largely made what it is.

Moreover, whatever may be the views of extremists, there is certainly scattered throughout the length and breadth of this land a class of God-fearing, man-

loving, justice-respecting people, who, believing that "nothing is settled until it is settled right," would be a unit in opposing anything like an enforced removal of the Negro from this country. There are many who, though not "Negrophiles," would stand upon this platform. Said Professor Hartranft, in his address on "The Five Tests of American Civilization":

"As to the African, there are not a few Americans, even in this day, who think a righteous solution of the African question is to ship them all off to the Dark Continent. So far as the American Colonization Society keeps in view education and other Christion instrumentalities, I bid them God-speed; but if they desire to send the Negro out of the country, I say, No! a thousand times, No! Let us solve the problem right here where God has placed them."

We might indorse this passage *in toto*, were it not for those five words, "*where God has placed them.*" However Professor Hartranft does not stand alone in his protest against an evident wrong and flagrant injustice. There are others who shrink from the thought of having it go down in history that the American people tore the Negro from his native home, forced him to subdue for their benefit one wild country, and

after he became free drove him back to Africa to subdue another for himself. In an address, delivered at Ocean Grove, August 10, 1883, Professor S. B. Darnell, of Jacksonville, Fla., said :

"It will not do for posterity nor for us to say, Colonize them! Colonize whom? Expatriate them! Banish whom? They are not aliens from the commonwealth of America. The 'must go' given to the poor Indian, if applied to the colored American, would raise the question, Who must go, and whose are to go? Some may wish to welcome skeptics of the Rhine, give greetings to the guzzlers of beer, and say to the poor Italians, Come, grind on your organs; but poor freedmen and mixed-bloods of the South, You must go. We *never* will endure what you indicate as the inevitable."

More pronounced still, if possible, are the following words from an editorial in the *New England Journal of Education*, December 11, 1884, on "The Negro and his Critics":

"Three of the great periodicals have recently paid their respects to our American citizen of African descent. *The North American*, *The Popular Science Monthly*, and *The Atlantic Monthly* furnish elaborate

articles. All these articles treat the Negro as a scientific problem. He is weighed and measured in the physiological, economic, and social-scientific scale with the scrupulous precision in the use of weights and measures characteristic of the type of critic that here undertakes to dispose of one-seventh of the citizens of the Republic.

"We are not about to discuss the merits or demerits of the freedman, but we would suggest to these periodicals that the country has been hearing this depreciating estimate of the Negro for the past two centuries; that meanwhile he has "gone and done" several things that his most eminent critics declared "impossible"; that whatever the scientists may say, he is an American citizen, clothed with all the rights of citizenship by the will of the people, and by the declaration of all churches, a human being, responsible to God and society for his conduct in life. He is here to stay; for the absurd and barbarous proposition of the writer in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that the white population of the Union should unite to compel one-seventh of the people to expatriate themselves in a foreign and savage land is only a new illustration

how nearly our new science sometimes impinges on the borderland of pagan brutality."

But there are, as we have seen, others who would solve this problem by interstate migration, by "inducing colored emigration" from one State to another. We cannot see the force of this reasoning. There is in it an element of injustice not only to the Negro, but to the State or States whither he might be forced, or rather "induced" to go. Why should Kansas, consecrated to freedom by the blood of heroic men, be burdened with the elevation of the redundant Negro population of Mississippi? If it be true, as the *Kentucky Live Stock Record* affirms, that "the advancement of any State in the Union in material wealth and prosperity can be gauged by the Negro element"; if indeed "its absence means progress and wealth, its presence stagnation and want of enterprise," in what sense, I ask, is it just or right for any one State, by shifting individual responsibility, to cripple the prosperity of another? Why should the ignorant Negro population of Georgia be increased by the redundant Negro population of South Carolina?

The common school fund of Georgia is lamenta-

bly small, about $300,000, perhaps a little more. The school population is considerably over 400,000. Why should the people of Georgia be strained by taxation to educate the ignorance of South Carolina? It was only as late as the winter of 1883, when several car-loads of Negroes emigrating from the latter State to Texas, found on reaching Atlanta that their funds were exhausted, and further progress, consequently, impossible. These people were of the poorest and most ignorant class, as may be inferred from the fact that they did not "count the cost" of their journey and make better provision therefor. It may be, too, that they were instigated to this migratory movement by some ignorant leader of their own race, the ubiquitous emigration agent, who is only too often a pliant tool in the hands of unscrupulous white men. At any rate, there they were, several hundred of them, poorly clad in the middle of a severe winter, without money, in the midst of strangers, the sky above, the earth beneath, the cold charity of the world around them. What must be the inevitable in such cases? I will tell you. Some must hang around the city as idlers. A living they must and will have—by honesty or by theft. Men will

steal sooner than starve, notwithstanding the untold horrors of the chain-gang await them, nay, not even though death itself await them, as was shown in the last Arctic expedition under Lieutenant Greely. Some must become tramps and stragglers through the State. Some may find work, and some must die.

Nothing was ever clearer to my mind than that this interstate migration has in it the seeds of moral death. It is a very Pandora's box. It strikes at the roots of those things by which only any people can hope to rise. It destroys the home where it is established, and prevents its establishment where it is not. It retards the progress of education, and acts like a withering blight upon the influence of the churches.

Indeed, if the mind in contemplating this great evil finds any relief at all, it is only when for a moment it catches a glimpse of its extremely ludicrous side. Never did the old adage with regard to the rolling stone have more frequent and forcible exemplification than in the South within the last eighteen years. Over and over again have I known persons to leave their native State, and after wandering through several others to return finally to the very spot whence they had started, having in that

time gained nothing, acquired nothing, except that which is a property common to all bodies once set in motion—a tendency to keep moving. A certain emigration agent once told me in a spirit of exultation, as if indeed he had been a benefactor of the race, that he had been instrumental in leading away from South Carolina and Georgia to Arkansas and Texas, principally to the latter State, 35,000 persons. That was in 1874. In December, 1879, the following appeared in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, published at New Orleans:

"The departure of Negroes from Texas to Kansas and the North has assumed large proportions the last few weeks. On an average from 1,000 to 1,200 have gone every week. As a rule they are of the better class, and have money to pay their fares, or to go on teams, and have something left to buy homes with. While the larger numbers go by railroad, many are going with teams. In one camp one of our ministers counted two hundred, going thus leisurely and comfortably. On the International Railroad over two hundred tickets were sold at a small station in one day. The company had been several days gathering at that point. We went into one car and counted

ninety men, women and children. They all had first-class tickets—the railroad will sell no others to them—and the fare in that company, on that one car, amounted to over $1,000. Just now the tide flows from Waller and Grimes counties. Private meetings are being held in many other counties, and every indication is that there will be a much greater movement in the spring than the one going on now" Evidently in all this there is movement without progress, and the problem remains the same.

There is another phase of this question which attracts our attention by its very strangeness. Indeed it is one of those curious developments of time which no one could ever have predicted, namely: that States which less than thirty years ago were offering 300 and sometimes even 500 dollars reward for the capture and return of a single "runaway Negro," should to-day be found anxious to "get rid" of the same class of persons by the hundred thousand at a time. Can it be that we have so fallen in value since emancipation? Certainly one or two things must be true—either the Negro is worth less to the South under freedom than his fathers were under slavery, or those who are desirous of getting rid of him have neither

the patience nor the inclination to deal with him as a freeman. To disprove the former of these two propositions would be to prove the latter. Fortunately, this needs no effort on our part. The history of the Negro since the war is before the world—"an epistle known and read of all men." In that history are written his failures and his successes, and making a good deal of allowance for his failures, the fact still remains that the advancement of the American Negro under freedom is one of the marvels of the age. It has no parallel in the world's history. National statistics, statistics of States, reports of benevolent organizations all prove this beyond the shadow of a doubt. "The fact," says one writer, "that the estimated value of their holdings in the State of Georgia is six millions of dollars, when twenty years ago they had not as many cents, is of itself enough to astound the universe." "Whatever progress the freemen have made," says another, "has been chiefly because of the splendid qualities they possess." The Comptroller-General's report for the year 1885 shows the real estate owned by the colored people in the city of Atlanta to be valued at $437,835.

Civilization, according to Guizot, "reveals itself by

two symptoms—the progress of society, the progress of the individual." With regard to the latter, as it applies to the Negro, we could say much. A few instances, however, must suffice. One that is still fresh in our mind is that of a colored man from Elbert County, Georgia, who but a few days ago informed us that he had purchased in all, since the war, 750 acres of land; and, with a twinkle of the eye, indicative of a feeling of triumph, he added, "and every bit of it is paid for except $300." This man, strange to say, has no education whatever.

Much as I would like to pause here in giving examples of Negro thrift and industry, I feel bound to emphasize, if possible, what I have said on this point, by the testimony of a Southern white man of learning and exalted character. We refer to John E. Edwards, D.D., of Petersburg, Va. In the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for April, 1882, will be found a most instructive article from this gentleman. The article claims to be only "descriptive of the past history and of the present *status* of the colored people in Petersburg, Va.," but it is very suggestive of what might be accomplished in other parts of the South, if it could be said of the South in general what Dr.

Edwards claims for Petersburg in particular—that there "a well-behaved colored man or woman receives courteous, polite, and respectful consideration," and that "the Negro is as fairly dealt by in the courts of justice, at the ballot-box, in contracts, and in the ordinary business affairs of life as the white citizen."

"Hand and hand," says this Christian gentleman, "with the progress of education among the Negro population of Petersburg there has been a corresponding progress in industry, thrift, morals, and manners of the race. Their ability to live at less expense than the poor whites has enabled the more provident of them to lay by a larger surplus from their earnings, and, as a result, they are buying lots and putting up comfortable and, in some instances, tastefully constructed residences. The marriage relation is recognized by them as of more binding obligation than formerly, both in its civil and moral respects. The family idea is in healthful growth. Self-respect and self-reliance are on the advance."

Again he says:

"They are property owners, shopkeepers, manufacturers, contractors, master builders, mechanics and laborers, competing fairly, and without let or hin-

drance with the whites. They are constantly improving in morals, in thrift and industry, and are rapidly advancing in civilization, refinement and learning."

We would now invite special attention to the following paragraph, quoted in full from the same writer:

"The present population of Petersburg may be put down in round numbers at 22,000—say 10,000 whites and 12,000 colored—giving the negroes 2,000 majority in the whole population. At the ballot-box the negroes *can* poll a larger vote than the whites. But with this predominance of negro population, we have the gratifying spectacle presented of one of the most quiet, orderly and peaceable communities anywhere to be found in all these broad lands. There is, comparatively but little litigation in the civil courts of the corporation; and the police record will compare favorably with that of any city of the same population in the whole country. The mayor's court is often held without a case, even of misdemeanor. Felonies are infrequent, and of those that do occur, which are sent up to higher tribunals, the parties are quite as often white as colored. Disturbances of the peace are not more common among the negroes than among the whites. Life, limb and property are as secure

and as well protected in Petersburg by day and night as in any city of 22,000 population in the United States of America. This is no idle boasting. The appeal from any question of these facts is to our records—police, civil and criminal; and when it is remembered that there are 12,000 negroes and only 10,000 whites in the city, the record is as creditable as it is really wonderful. It is very much questioned whether a parallel can be found in all this country."

Only three days ago, on receiving and opening the last report of Dr. Gustavus J. Orr, State School Commissioner of Georgia, my eyes fell upon the following passage:

"The colored people, by the last assessment, return about 1-40 part of the property of the State. If, in proportion to their property, they did only as much in continuing schools beyond three months as the whites, they would thus continue only 1-40 of the 1,488 schools so continued, or 37 schools. Whereas, they thus continue more than seven times that many."

In the face of such facts, facts wrung from the reluctant testimony of white men, some better reason must be produced for driving the Negro out of the

Union, or any of its States, than that of inherent inferiority and constitutional worthlessness.

If the question were now asked, and truthfully answered: In what sense will colonization or emigration help in the solution of this problem? we should undoubtedly find that its only object is the reduction of the numerical strength of the Negro, so that in every State of this Union he may be a political cipher, hopelessly in the minority, and forever at the mercy of the "superior race"—a mercy, alas! which the Negro, by bitter experience, has learned to be very suspicious of. That this is the sole aim of those who advocate his removal was made plain by the agitation which the last census produced. Never, since emancipation, has the Negro been so lively a topic of discussion as within the last four years, and never was there so much genuine seriousness mingled in any discussions relating to him. Indeed, it must be plain, even to the most superficial observer, that the revelations of the last two decades, and the logic of facts, have shaken, to some extent, the calm reliance of our white friends in their pet theories concerning Negro inferiority. A few of them have actually come to believe that, after all, they might be, possibly, somewhat mis-

taken, and that the future might reveal many things in the Negro which never once came within the range of their philosophy. How strange to-day seems the idea so prevalent at the close of the war—that the Negro who could live through slavery was sure to "die out" under freedom. Yet, on this very theory, many well-thinking people slept soundly until startled by the census of 1880, to a realization of the fact that black Samson had just begun to grow, and that under freedom he has attained a growth unequaled in any similar period of his bondage. It is no wonder that under the excitement of the moment and the accusations of conscience, which makes cowards of us all, even of Anglo-Saxons, there should have been found some who were inclined to dispose of the black brother in a summary manner, and somewhat after the fashion of those wicked men who, in the days happily gone by, used to take him up out of the ship's hold and throw him overboard. Alas! Alas! that is not so easy to do now as it was then. Not even if it were, would it solve the problem; for our of the depths of a horrible past would continue to come up to the American conscience the "still small voice"—"Cain, where is thy brother Abel?"

There is now but one other method of solution left for our consideration. It is the repressive method by which the Negro is to be forever kept in his place. It is but a short time since I read in a newspaper of some standing, "The Negro knows his place. It will be woe to him the day he forgets it. He will be exterminated like the Indian." Bold words! we must confess, at this late day, two thousand years since the angels sang on the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men." Unfortunately, the advocates of this barbarous policy have either not read history, or not heeded its teachings, for if any one thing is plain, it must be plain to every well-informed person, that tyranny in all its dealings with mankind has been a wretched failure. It succeeds nowhere and at no time. It fails everywhere and every time. It carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and though seeming for a while to flourish, must sooner or later, on account of its own inherent defects, collapse in ruin. Where are those famous empires of antiquity once founded in oppression? Over the sites of every one of them may be written to-day the word, "Ichabod." Where is Egypt? Where is As-

syria? Where is Rome, proud mistress of the world? Ah, where? The poet tells us—

> "The Niobe of Nations! there she stands
> Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

It was on the Island of St. Helena, where, too late for his own good, the hero of Austerlitz discovered that there is a vicious principle underlying all governments founded in force. Conversing on one occasion with an officer on the excellence of the character of Christ, he said: "Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus only founded his empire upon love, and to-day millions would die for him."

For several years now the world has been witnessing some of the results of the repressive method. Many of us have been happy to witness them at a distance of two thousand miles or more. In such cases distance usually "lends enchantment to the view." We are still expectant of more social eruptions. Russia is a smoldering volcano. It is hardly a year since the newspapers were giving graphic descriptions of affairs at St. Petersburg. We were told that the

"Czar of all the Russias" was a self-imprisoned man in his palace; that the walls of his apartments were so cased as to be rendered bomb-proof; that the very food of "His Imperial Majesty" had to be tested by others before he dared touch it, for fear of poison; and that great precaution had to be taken lest noxious gases should be infused, and the atmosphere of the palace rendered deadly. So true it is that "he who strikes terror into others, is himself in continual fear." Even here in this country, during the days of slavery, there was continuous and serious apprehension on the part of masters. The whole South was under patrol every night, and the Negro, though regarded then, as many seem to regard him now, as a harmless, spiritless being, a "scrub race," a "race of timid rabbits," was an object of suspicion and distrust, and not unfrequently was consternation thrown into whole States by apprehensions of servile uprisings. The following given by Dr. Edwards, whom we have already so freely quoted, is at once a vivid and appalling picture of the Southern mind while laboring under such apprehensions:

"The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" is one of the most abhorrent and appalling commentaries ever

written on African slavery It has made the cheek of many a slaveholder tingle. But the legislation at that time, in Virginia, was deemed a life and death question. Nothing short of it, for the time being, could allay the painful and distressing excitement that prevailed everywhere through the country It almost makes one's blood run cold, even at this remote period of time, to recall the trepidation and alarm that pervaded the whole community. The stoutest hearts were made to quail. Rumors of Negro insurrection filled the air. Sleep ceased to be refreshing, haunted as it was by hideous dreams of murder, blood, and arson. Mothers and maidens, and even little children, for months, not to say years, following the "Nat Turner Insurrection," looked pale and ghastly as the shadows of evening gathered around them, from the horrifying apprehension that with bludgeon they might be brained, or with torch might be burned to crisp before the morning. I speak from experience. Nor would I go through the agony of those years again for all the gold that ever passed hands in the Negro traffic from colonial times till President Lincoln emancipated them with the stroke of his pen. Pharaoh and his

people, under the visit of the destroying angel, when the first-born were convulsively quivering in the death-struggle in every household, did not more earnestly desire the quick departure of the Hebrews out of the land of Egypt, than did the great majority of the slaveholders in the Carolinas and Virginia desire the removal of the Negroes from among them immediately after the Southampton Insurrection."

Surely it must be very clear to every reflecting mind that just so long as the human heart revolts against tyranny; just so long as men will reverence the deliverers of mankind; just so long as they will bestow unqualified praise upon Hampden and Kossuth, upon Garibaldi and Victor Hugo; just so long as men will build monuments five hundred feet high to the memory of Washington, and place statues of liberty on the coast of the New World; just so long must the repressive method of dealing with mankind be fraught with danger and disaster.

We are, then, forced to conclude that this Negro problem—which with all due respect for our Anglo-Saxon friends, ought rather to be called the white man's problem, since it is a problem of his own creation—originating as it did, in injustice and wrong,

can only find a proper solution through methods founded in justice and right. "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold," saith Zaccheus. Does anybody doubt that this problem can be solved by the Zaccheus method? The Negro is not responsible for his presence in these United States, nor for the complications which have grown out of it. All other races have flocked to these shores as to a shelter from tyranny and oppression. *They* came to better their own condition. *He* alone was brought here by violence, and made the recipient of unutterable wrongs. He does not, however, brood over these wrongs. Happily, there is very little of the revengeful in his nature. Nor does he even now ask so much that restitution be made for past injuries as that a fair and open chance be given him under beneficent laws to develop whatever of manhood God may have placed in him, and oppression may have left in him. This surely is little enough to ask in return for two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil. When this is granted the problem will begin to solve itself, and the philosophers who for these many years have been speculating in the capacity of Negro craniums

and the weight of Negro brains will be relieved of a great deal of hard study and unnecessary anxiety. In truth, what is needed to-day in the solution of all human problems is more of Christianity and less of philosophy, for "Christianity," as Goethe has said in his "Conversations with Eckermann," has a might of its own, by which dejected, suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom."

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT IDEALS.

ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF TALLADEGA COLLEGE, TALLADEGA, ALABAMA, JUNE, 1892.

Hitch your wagon to a star.

—*Emerson.*

The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof, but lies in it; and blessed are the eyes that find it.—*Lowell.*

It has been exceedingly pleasant to me to be here to-day and see the good work which is being so faithfully and thoroughly done for the improvement of the people in this section of our common country. Of course, I have not up to this lived wholly in ignorance of Talladega College. It has been my privilege to meet in the past several of the workers from this part of the field. The superintendent of our shops at Clark has visited you, and brought back to us most favorable reports of your institution as a whole and of the spirit which pervaded it. Consequently it was with expectations somewhat raised that I came to you. I am happy to say that those expectations have been more than realized.

I congratulate you, therefore, young ladies and gentlemen, on your present good opportunities. May God help you to make use of them while they are yours. It is Seneca who said, "Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again." Be not deceived, then, by that stale, well-worn remark—"opportunity makes the man." I tell you it is not true. The *improvement* of opportunity makes the man. Thousands have enjoyed the best of opportunities, but achieved nothing for themselves or their fellowmen, while others, with but a meagre chance, have risen to positions of commanding influence and inscribed their names among the benefactors of mankind. Conspicuously illustrative of this class is that heroic character, a man of our own race, who but a few days ago visited your State for the purpose of rendering in another school services similar to those which I am trying to render here to-night. I need not, of course, say that I refer to Frederick Douglass, he who, rising by his own endeavors from the lowest possible conditions of life, has enshrined himself in the hearts of millions, and made his name

a household word among the lovers of liberty the world over.

As I stand here this evening, and look into your faces, radiant with the hope which youth inspires, I am thrilled with the thought that there may be among you many worthy successors to Douglass, if not in every respect as great, as famous as he, at least as true, as faithful, as brave as he. But whatever you are in the future, young ladies and gentlemen, will depend largely upon your conceptions of life, its duties, its responsibilities, its end. For this reason I have proposed to myself to speak to you in a practical manner on the importance of correct ideals.

Webster has defined for us the word ideal as a "conception proposed by the mind for imitation, realization or attainment, a standard or model of perfection or duty." Reasonably, then, we may infer that the development of an individual will invariably be in the direction of his ideal, and will partake largely of the nature and character of that ideal; for as Plato has said, "Whatever a man's desire is, and whatever he may be as to his soul, such every one becomes in a great measure." Or to state it in the simpler, more expressive language of Scripture, "As a man

thinketh in his heart, so is he." Is the object of his thought lofty in its character, so is he. Is it low, so is he. We rise or fall, we ascend or descend, according to our ideals. Of this truth history and life are full of illustrations. The pugilist, whose highest ambition is to pound and bruise human flesh, and bear off from the prize-ring the victory and money staked thereon, subjects himself to the severest physical training in order to secure those ends, and naturally enough he always develops into a powerful animal, but an animal of less value than the horse or mule, whose powers of body contribute so much to human comfort.

There have been pugilists on a more gigantic scale, with larger arenas for their operations, men like Julius Cæsar, who conceived a passion for sovereign power. At one time we hear him declaring that he would rather be the first man in a little, mean, dirty village of Gaul than the second man in Rome. At another time we hear him quoting with undisguised approval those mischievous verses of Euripides—"If you may ever rightly do wrong, you may do so for the purpose of obtaining sovereign power." To this sentiment he sacrificed all things—human life,

human happiness, and finally the life of the Roman Republic. Within this century sprang up a similar character with similar passion for the empire of the world. The treasure and best blood of France were drained to compass this end. Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz, Waterloo, are the words in which is written the history of that false ideal. Both these men possessed extraordinary powers of intellect, together with marvelous versatility of talent. They might have excelled in the arts of peace, in literature or statesmanship, and placed themselves among the world's best benefactors; but war was their ruling passion, and, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up all the rest. Power was their ideal. In pursuit of this they dwarfed their nobler natures and developed in an abnormal degree that side of their character which rendered them a scourge rather than a blessing to mankind.

How striking the contrast between the ambitions of these men and the simple grandeur of Washington —Washington, who never drew his sword except in defense of his country. Not as an end, but as a means, he employed war, and power to him was but an opportunity to render greater service to his fellowmen. No wonder his people have lifted on high a

marble shaft, five hundred feet or more, to perpetuate his memory. Such a life, however, needs no such memorial. Immortal as the vital principle which sustains it, it imperceptibly diffuses itself among men. The father imbibes and transmits it to his son. Through generations with the quiet movement of thought it makes it way, permeating human souls, inspiring men to action in times of danger, and causing them to regard life as naught when principle is at stake. Washington's was a noble ideal. Inferior to some, perhaps, in the magnitude of his operations and the splendor of his achievements as a mere military commander, he towers infinitely above the destroyers of mankind in the grandeur of his moral conceptions. *Their* stars rose and sank in blood, leaving behind a deeper gloom because of the fierce glare of their transient brilliancy. *His* is still in the ascendant, mounting ever towards the zenith and guiding men upward and onward to nobler conceptions of life, and larger appreciation of its opportunities. If ever the American people prove false to his teachings, if ever they degenerate into mere speculators in material things, if ever they allow sordid gain to warp the moral fiber of the nation and in-

fidelity to sap the foundations of its spiritual life, they will never be able to say that they did not have in the father of their country a noble example, a lofty and correct ideal.

Let us not, however, deceive ourselves with the thought that vaulting ambition, that lust for power and place is a disease peculiar to great minds, for nothing is more commonly found among ordinary men in the humbler walks of life. We need not travel very far in any direction to find a little Cæsar or a little Napoleon. There may be some here to-night, even in this Christian school, founded in Christian prayers and Christian benevolence—some who are planning to use the power of intellect developed by training and discipline for the purpose of elevating themselves selfishly above the struggling people who need their aid and guidance. I say there may be some here. I do not say they are here. I certainly do hope they are not. I certainly do hope these young men and women have loftier ideals. I certainly do hope that as a solid phalanx they are consecrated to a nobler purpose. I certainly do hope that they have been learning of him who, though Lord of all, yet took upon himself the form of a ser-

vant and ministered unto all—helping the weak, healing the sick, comforting the sad, shedding light and joy and peace wherever he went. With characteristic simplicity Scripture sums up his life in these five words, "He went about doing good."

The man who pursues such a life will not be tormented with a lust for power, position, or place. He will not be troubled about promotions. He will not be discouraged, though his efforts be not appreciated, though the trumpet of fame sounds never his deeds abroad, for he is conscious of working under his "Great Taskmaster's" eye. Standing at the tomb of Achilles, Alexander the Great is said to have exclaimed, "O happy youth, who found in Homer a herald of thy fame." The man with a correct ideal of life will find satisfaction in whatever sphere he can do good. The consciousness of filling well that sphere will be to him the richest possible reward. He will need no trumpeter. He will need no herald. With the independence of Pope he will be able to exclaim:

> "Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
> She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all."

But there are other false ideals which are to-day

leading men away from the path to true greatness and largest usefulness. In these days of ours—and I am by no means of the number who think that the old days are the best. These are glorious times in which we live. Never was the human intellect so active as to-day. Never did such a spirit of inquiry pervade the minds of men. Never was there such a prying into the secrets of nature. Never was nature so much under the dominion of man. Never were the comforts of life so numerous or so widely distributed. Never did Christianity extend her benign influence over a wider area. The old days are not the best. There are men to-day as brave and chivalrous, and women as chaste and lovely as ever existed in the days of knighthood.—Yet, as I was about to say, in these days of ours there is an almost irresistible impulse towards wealth, an indescribable passion to grasp and concentrate material forces. "By thy words," saith Scripture, "thou shalt be judged, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." The recent editions of our English dictionaries furnish us a number of new words, and words used in a new sense, which are irrefragable evidence of the existing spirit of greed, the passion to grasp and centralize wealth—

such words as "pool" and "pooling," "combines," "trusts," "deals," and many more. Now, wealth in itself is by no means undesirable. It is the estimate men place on wealth that makes it a good or an evil. The man who hoards money for the love of it, simply to store it away in his coffers, and at intervals to take it out and look at it and count, then store it away again, while he himself is meanly clad and poorly fed, and multitudes around him are suffering for want —the man who does such things, I say, has justly been styled, with the consent of mankind, a miser; and a miser he is in the strictest etymological sense of that term. George McDonald observes with regard to money, "Give it plenty of air, and it is sweet as the hawthorn; shut it up, and it cankers and breeds worms."

Again the men who amass wealth to lead the innocent astray, to cast a blight upon the virtuous soul, to corrupt the morals of the nation by purchasing the votes of the ignorant and the vicious to control the industry of the working classes and grind down their fellow creatures, that they themselves may roll in luxury and fatten in ease—such men are to the interests of this country what the locusts were to Egypt.

Money sought for anything short of beneficent ends is a false ideal that leads, not to happiness, but to misery. A certain distinguished physician, a man whose name meets your eye in almost every newspaper, whose medicines made him famous the world over, whose check for a million dollars would have been good any day at any bank, conceived the thought in the last years of his life that he would die poor, and in his delirium kept exclaiming, "I want thirty dollars! Oh, I want thirty dollars! Won't somebody lend me thirty dollars?" Alas, the truth of the poet's words:

> "Can wealth give happiness? Look around and see
> What gay distress! What splendid misery!
> Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
> The mind annihilates, and calls for more."

Some time ago I was standing on a street in Atlanta, waiting for a car. Two colored men were working on the track. One inquired of me with reference to the school, expressing at the same time his regrets that circumstances did not allow him to acquire an education. Whereupon the other spoke and said: "Well, I couldn't go to school if I would, and I wouldn't go to school if I could." "Why?" asked

his companion. "Because," said he, "I know that however much education I might have, I could never get an office in this country where the white folks have all the power." It is easy to see what was the matter with that young man. He needed the inspiration of a lofty and correct ideal. That he expressed a truth in the allegation that the black boy has not as much as the white boy to inspire him to effort in many directions, no candid mind will undertake to deny. Yet it is equally true that neither the black boy nor the white will ever be educated in the best and broadest sense of the term who seeks an education merely to reach an office, for, as in nature a stream never rises higher than its source, so in life men never rise higher than their ideals. The education that merely seeks an office must of necessity be limited to the dimensions of that office. I venture to say that if you were to make a careful and discriminating search, you would find that a large proportion of the offices in this vast country is not held by the best, most learned and most cultivated men, but by men of mediocre attainments, whose hearts and whose eyes have been fixed on those places, and who, to obtain them, have used every means, honorable and dis-

honorable; for "ambition," as Burke has said, "can creep as well as soar."

The place-seeker will resort to methods from which self-respecting men would shrink with as much aversion as the ancient Jew shrank from contact with the leper. The true purpose of education is not office. "The true purpose of education," says one, "is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop to their fullest extent the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us." He, therefore, who fixes a limit of any kind to his intellectual attainments dwarfs himself, and cramps the growth of that mind given to us by the Creator, and capable of indefinite expansion.

When Euclid demonstrated a proposition in geometry to King Ptolemy, Ptolemy admired the nice train of reasoning, but asked Euclid if there was not a way to mathematics less barbarous—a shorter way. Euclid replied, "There is no royal road to geometry." In this he sounded the watchword of the scholar for all ages—there is no royal road to learning. I find, however, and it is not strange, perhaps, that I should, many young people whose ideals with reference to education are as erroneous as those of old King

Ptolemy. They seem to think that learning is something that comes to people in velvet slippers. They seem to associate learning with ease and indolence and kid-gloved affectation. They do not seem to have realized the truth of that old Latin proverb—"*Palma non sine pulvere*"—the palm is not gained without the dust; nor those other words of the old Greek poet—"The gods sell us all good things for our labor." "It was not," says Thomson,

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
To keen the wit and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thus majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose."

I find still another class of young people—students who are industrious enough, but so anxious "to get out into the world," as they say, that all the efforts of the teacher are frequently taxed to hold them to their work, and have them do it thoroughly. They desire to take, as it were, "a short cut," to skim over this study, and skip over that. Such students seem to

have in their mental composition something of the grasshopper. They are ever read for a hop, and woe to that teacher who tries to hold them steadily to duty and requires of them consecutive work. Repeatedly they ask, "How long will it take us to get through this book?" but never, How long will it take to get this book through us? They pursue their education pretty much as the Yankee may be said to pursue his dinner, as if afraid it would escape from him. One of the great sins of the American people is fast eating, and they atone for it in dyspepsia. The food that does one good is the food that is well masticated; for then it is easily digested and assimilated, made into good blood. Gladstone, it is said, chews every piece of meat thirty-two times, and advises others to do the same. I should think, Mr. President, that would come under the head of industrial training. I should think it would develop great jawbone power. It certainly has in the "grand old man," whose eloquence has, within the last fifty years, almost remodeled old England, and who now in his eighties, and sitting in the retirement of defeat, is nevertheless regarded as the greatest living statesman. His advice with regard to eating would be beneficial

to you, young friends, with regard to studying. It would save you from mental dyspepsia.

It is only those studies that have been thoroughly and repeatedly worked over in the mind, those studies that have been, so to speak, well masticated mentally, that give intellectual strength. In short, those are the studies that produce scholars; for scholarship means resource of power; it means wide research, it means beauty of thought and elegance of diction; it means accuracy, punctilious accuracy. Any one may know the general rules of the Greek grammar; it is the duty of the scholar to know the exceptions. These qualities of mind must be acquired by patient endeavor. They cannot be acquired by spasmodic effort, by a cursory, superficial, and hasty perusal of books. What saith Epictetus? "No great thing cometh suddenly into being, for not even a bunch of grapes can or a fig. If you say to me now: I desire a fig, I answer there is need of time: let it first of all flower, and then bring forth the fruit, and then ripen. When the fruit of a fig-tree is not perfected at once, and in a single hour, would you win the fruit of a man's mind thus quickly and easily?" "Do not," says Confucius, "be desirous to have

things done quickly; do not look at small advantages. Desire to have things done quickly prevents their being done thoroughly." This precept of those ancient sages has been given a beautiful setting in Longfellow's exquisite lines:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Let us then, not deceive ourselves by cherishing false ideals, by setting up false standards—standards that are not attainable, standards that, like the mirage of the desert, receding as we approach, shall leave us finally disappointed, deluded, filled with vain regrets. Many of you are just now at the period in life when fancy is busy, and all things take on a rosy hue. Some of you are on the verge of completing your education. Naturally you are casting forward with reference to the future. Probably you have already determined upon your course, and fixed your eyes upon the goal of your ambition. That is well, perhaps. If, however, you were to ask me what should be the supreme object of your life, the ideal toward which all your thoughts, energies, aspirations, should be bent, I

should reply the attainment of a virtuous character—a character strong, well-balanced, resourceful. In the pursuit of such an ideal there can be neither disappointment nor failure; for as Emerson has truly said, "Character is the centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset." Nay, yet more: character is eternal; all other things are transient and fleeting. No ideal, perishable in itself, is worth striving for by an immortal soul. Jesus repeatedly emphasized the importance of this fact in his teachings. Do we not hear him even now saying to us as to the men of old, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth"? And again, "Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life"? The ideals held up by Christ, as by his immediate followers, were all moral and spiritual. "Whatsoever things are true," saith Paul, "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." It was by thinking on these things by studying these new ideals, these new teachings of Christ, so admira-

bly exemplified in his life, that this old wicked world was lifted out of pagan darkness and brutality into its present improved condition, and it is by thinking on these same things, by studying these same moral and spiritual ideals, that your lives and characters will be elevated, drawn nearer to the character of him who is "chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

CHRISTIAN SCHOLARS FOR NEGRO PULPITS.

FOUNDER'S DAY, GAMMON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

"The ranks of the ministry are being filled by an increasing number of men without college education. Many of these men are doing noble service. Some of them have won and ably hold prominent places. But the strength of the ministry depends on the training of ministers. More consecration is needed, but not less imperative is the call for more thorough scholarship, without which in the general battle for truth and righteousness a consecrated purpose is a blade without a handle."—*The Congregationalist.*

"We need in our itinerant work students with trained intellects, who are acquainted with the Bible, who know how to master great books, how to make noble sermons, how to deal with men. From all the churches come applications for pastors of intelligence and culture. The needs of the age require educated men—men who, whether they have been through college or not, have learned how to study, how to get knowledge, how to guide the inquiring mind, who are 'apt to teach.' Our undergraduates, and those who are thinking of undertaking the duties of the itinerancy, ought to understand that they must apply themselves to their books, they must cultivate a liking for theological and biblical and literary study, or else abandon the hope of securing or maintaining a place in our ministry."—*Bishop John H. Vincent.*

The founder of an institution of learning is in the best and broadest sense a benefactor to mankind. He builds, not for the present simply, nor yet for the immediate future, but for the ages and generations unborn. Into his thoughts and plans are incorporated the possibilities and needs of the human race, and the wide sweep of his benevolence embraces more by far than the mere temporal destiny of man. The mind with its capacity for indefinite expansion, the soul reaching ever outward in its longings toward the Infinite, the happiness of mankind here and hereafter, are all provided for in the beneficent design of him who founds and endows a Christian school. It is, therefore, with becoming gratitude that posterity has set apart days on which to pause and pay tribute to the memory of the men who have so nobly wrought and thought for the race.

This day has special claims upon us, as I am sure it must ever have upon our children and our children's children, reminding them, as it now reminds us, of the munificent contribution to their intellectual advancement by Rev. Elijah H. Gammon, the generous founder of the Seminary now bearing his honored name.

Of the wisdom, the magnanimity, the patriotism,

the broad Christian philanthropy, ignoring all distinctions of nationality or race, that entered into this crowning act of Mr. Gammon's life, it is surely unnecessary for me here to speak. Such things speak for themselves. Not more plainly does the noble river, moving in majesty to the sea, tell of its elevated, though hidden source, than do noble and generous acts indicate the exalted character and purposes of the human heart.

Happily, too, it is not necessary for me on this occasion to dwell on the importance of the Seminary itself, standing without a rival in its own peculiar field. Its salutary power as a factor in the new civilization of the South, its far-reaching possibilities to soothe and to heal, and to bless, have been recognized and repeatedly admitted by men eminent both in church and in state, and that, too, in language neither ambiguous nor equivocal.

I prefer, then, to employ this hour in doing what I believe Mr. Gammon would approve, if he were here; for I have the best of reasons to infer that, in planting among us a theological seminary, backed by an endowment of a half million dollars or more, so that it might never be hampered in the prosecution of its

work; but ever be able to furnish the best possible training to those aspiring to the ministry—I say I have the best reasons to infer that in so doing, the topmost desire of his heart was to elevate the Negro pulpit of the South by placing in it men who should combine in themselves the culture of the schools and the spirit and fervor of our blessed Christianity. I plead, therefore, on this sacred day, for Christian scholars for Negro pulpits.

In order, however, to forestall any adverse criticism that might arise from a misapprehension of my exact views in the matter, I wish, first of all, to state that I do not believe that scholarship, pure and simple, ever did, or ever can save a human soul. Nay, there is a scholarship that is even destructive, a sort of icy intellectuality that chills and freezes the emotions of the heart—a scholarship that would substitute Plato for Paul, and Socrates for the Sermon on the Mount. I plead not for such a scholarship, notwithstanding I cherish a very high regard for those illustrious sages, whose names I have just mentioned. They did well in their day and time, and under their limitations, and, as earnest, patient, painstaking, devout seekers after truth, deserve our gratitude and

our respect, but not our worship. Culture can never fill the place of Christ, and philosophy has tried in vain to satisfy the cravings of the soul.

I will state it even more strongly. I do not believe that any degree of scholarship is absolutely necessary to make one instrumental in the salvation of his fellows. A very ignorant man, with the love of God burning in his heart, will often kindle a similar flame in the hearts of others, for love is contagious, and in matters of religion it is, after all, the heart that speaks to the heart. But a short time ago I was reading of two converted heathen who happened to meet as passengers on board ship. The two men spoke different dialects, and so could not converse; but they were observed to eye one another with considerable interest, as if confident that they two possessed something in common. Finally, one, no longer able to restrain himself, approached the other, and in broken accents exclaimed "Hallelujah!" Whereupon the other replied "Amen!" Then there was a shaking of hands, and the hot tears gushing, streamed down their swarthy cheeks—heart speaking to heart. It is really wonderful how limited a vocabulary love needs to express itself—a kindly glance, a

sympathetic look, a pleasant smile, a gentle tone of the voice. While this is so, and while heart responds to heart, the humblest and most illiterate of God's children will be effective in reaching and influencing men for good.

There is, perhaps, no better illustration given in modern times of God's power to spread his gospel through men of meager attainments than the existence and history of the great Methodist Church, entrenched to-day in the centers of civilization and refinement, and with her outposts on the farthest frontiers of the heathen world. In power to organize, energy to push, and sagacity to reach results, she has no superior among the denominations, while in the splendor of her past achievements she stands among most of them "like the moon among lesser lights." It is, however, but truth to say that this great church owes no little of her stability and success to men who were not trained in the schools, and who could lay no claims to scholarship. The circuit-riders of early Methodism received their theological training, as some one has quaintly said, in the "saddlebag seminary." And yet these were the men who carried the seed of the Gospel over the mountains of Virginia, and

scattered it among the rugged hills of New England.

There are at present individual instances of what God is able to accomplish through men of limited education. Mr. Moody will undoubtedly go down in history as the most remarkable and most successful evangelist of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

You will understand, then, that I do not undervalue the power of goodness, nor have I any sneer or contempt for well-meaning ignorance. Nevertheless, the fact remains, a fact as patent to you as to me, that a keen blade cuts more easily, more smoothly and more effectively than a dull or half-sharpened one; and a well-trained intellect is capable of better, more varied, and more effective service than an untrained or half-trained one. This fact is recognized in every sphere of human activity. France spends more money on technical education than any other country in Europe, and, as a result, she leads every other country in Europe in the manufacture of elegant and costly fabrics, and in some lines of industry stands absolutely without a rival.

The same fact is recognized in matters of war. At

the fall of Napoleon, Prussia was, perhaps, of all European countries the one that lay torn and bleeding. Bonaparte had taken special pride in humiliating her. He had devastated her fields. The martial tread of his mighty armies had shaken again and again her desolated plains. In the palace of her great Frederick the conqueror had rested and held court. Immediately following the disaster to French arms at Waterloo, Prussia, as a last resort, to retrieve her shattered fortunes, began with the earnestness and energy of despair to educate her people, and she has continued, until to-day the land of scholars is also the land of power. Von Moltke, her great strategist, and perhaps the greatest of any age, has left on record his estimate of an educated army. Speaking of the war with Austria, he said: "It was the Prussian schoolmaster who conquered at Sadowa."

What now? Are there no foes for us to face? Are the enemies of God's church less real, less numerous, less malignant, less watchful, less shrewd, less wily than those encountered on the field with sword and bayonet? What saith Paul? "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of

this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Here is the liquor traffic with its wretched sophistries —the liquor traffic, the colossal iniquity of the nineteenth century, the Juggernaut of our civilization, crushing beneath its ponderous wheel the hearts and hopes of countless millions. Here is a gross materialism, whose god is its belly. Here is sensuality lurking by the highways, crouching in the alleys, to pollute the springs and channels of life. Here is political corruption undermining the State. Here is skepticism destructive of faith. Here is infidelity denying a God. In the face of all these, I ask, shall the leaders of our Israel be less trained, less capable of directing the forces of Almighty God, than those whose duty it is to maneuver large masses of men on the field amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry? What! shall we spend years preparing for the duties of the dissecting room and the sick chamber; consume days and nights pouring over Blackstone and the legal lore of the ages, that we may plead cases successfully before an earthly judge; devote a large portion of life to the acquisition of that knowledge and those methods by which we may be able to train the mind of youth; but without prepara-

tion or with the most ordinary preparation, rush into the pulpit, and assume the most sacred and most weighty responsibilities ever laid upon a human being, the ministering to immortal souls, of which Christ has said the loss of one is greater than the loss of a world? He who thus acts has an erroneous conception of the office he aspires to fill, and needs instruction with regard to the transcendent dignity of the Christian pulpit. "I say," wrote the poet Cowper:

> "I say the pulpit (in the sober use
> Of its legitimate peculiar power)
> Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
> The most important and effectual guard,
> Support, and ornament of virtue's cause."

On that day when God arrested Paul on his way to Damascus he emphasized for all time the importance and value of a trained ministry. Here was a special conversion for a special purpose. "Rise," said the voice, "and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of the things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to

open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

Here, I say, was an extraordinary man called to an extraordinary work. But all the apostles were in some respects extraordinary men. There was Peter, bold, ardent, impetuous, a very effective speaker, as we should infer from occurrences at Pentecost and elsewhere. There was James, an exemplary character, with a keen sense of justice and equity, called the Just, and from his writings we should judge that he was worthy of the distinction. There was John, the good, sweet-spirited, affectionate John, the beloved apostle. These three men, moreover, had had rare experiences in the society of Christ. They had stood upon the Mount of Vision, and beheld their Master glorified. They had been with him in Gethsemane, and witnessed the terrible soul-agony of which we read, but of which we have the faintest possible conception. They had seen him betrayed, captured, led away to the judgment hall. Some of them had witnessed his crucifixion. They had met and conversed

with him after the resurrection, and been eye-witnesses of his glorious ascension. Surely any one would think these were the men to spread the new religion and build up the young church.

But contrary to expectation, God selects and commissions the man who had been the bitterest and most persistent persecutor of the infant church; the man who had participated, by his approval at least, in the murder of the first Christian martyr, and, dragging men to prison, had compelled them everywhere to blaspheme.

The best explanation for this selection is to be found in Paul's life and labors. The church, so long as it is militant, must have a body as well as a soul. A religion that is all emotion and spirit must soon spend its force. There must be organization to give it stability and aggressive power. The early church needed this. It needed statesmanlike supervision. It needed doctrines by which to regulate its life. It needed defense against the sophistries and malignity of its foes. It needed a first-class representative to present and press its claims before the great and learned in the influential centers of civilization—a representative who could stand unawed in the pres-

ence of kings, a representative who could almost persuade Agrippa, and whose reasoning should make corrupt Felix tremble, a representative who could face the learned, wisdom-loving, speculative Greeks, and, quoting from their own literature, refute their false philosophy The infant church needed a representative combining in himself all these qualifications—qualifications which are not accidental, nor given by intuition, nor supplied on the spur of the moment; but wrought into human character by hard, dogged study, by meditation, by wide reading of history, and by a patient investigation of the principles underlying human conduct. Such a representative was needed, and God passing by Peter and James and John, selected the man who had been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, as on a former occasion, when a mighty work was to be done, he selected a man "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

There is not a single argument in the Bible in favor of an ignorant or untrained ministry, and those sophistries once so effective among the people have well-nigh lost their force. The present generation does not accept unconditionally the old doctrine, born of indolence, that a preacher is exempt from study,

that mental application on his part is not a necessity, that the only effort required of him is to "open his mouth and the Lord will fill it." Verily, the Lord will fill it; for the Lord has made ample provision to fill every vacuum. Nor is it now worth while to advance that argument, formerly so convincing, that the apostles were ignoramuses—poor, ignorant fishermen, with special emphasis on the "ignorant." Undoubtedly the apostles as a body were not learned men; but ignorant men they could not have been, after constant association with Christ for three years. Whatever they were prior to that time, their intellectual and spiritual horizon must have been immeasurably enlarged by daily contact with him who "spake as never man spake before." Nay more; for what purpose did Christ select those men? Was it not that he might give them special training for their important work? Was it not that he might imbue them with his spirit, and reveal to them the secret things of his kingdom? "All things," said he, "that I have heard of my father I have made known unto you." So anxious indeed was Christ that his disciples should enter upon their work lacking no equipment, that notwithstanding the personal instruction he had imparted

to them, he commanded them, just before his ascension, not to depart from Jerusalem until they should receive the Holy Ghost which had been promised, and which should "guide them into all truth." The relationship of Christ to his disciples is the strongest possible argument for an educated ministry, and the pupilage of these men under him is a complete refutation of that fallacious reasoning which ascribes to them ignorance pure and simple.

I said there is not a single argmuent in the Bible for an ignorant ministry. There are, however, ten thousand arguments growing out of our present needs for an intellectual and cultured ministry. Here we are, a people peculiarly circumstanced, without traditions of the past to inspire or hope for the future, except such a future as may be won by faith in God and persistent effort in the face of obstinate and determined opposition. Verily, it doth not yet appear what we shall be. But whatever we are wil depend more upon the pulpit than upon any other agency among us. Our people regard the pulpit as the very oracle of God, and the minister as his voice. How important, then, that this voice be neither ambiguous nor misleading. There are no errors so fatal

to individuals or races as those made under the false impression that they are sanctioned by Deity. What untold horrors, what unspeakable anguish, what writhing and what remorse did this country experience but three decades ago as a result of the false teaching that slavery was a divine institution. Many things are taught to-day from Negro pulpits, as divine which make honest men shudder and ~~honest~~ women blush.

Nor is there a sadder fact than this: The average Negro pulpit has now but little attraction for the average intelligence of the race. People go to church because they have been accustomed to; some go for example; and some,

"Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

This line has literal application at present among the colored people. Almost anywhere the remark can be heard, "Well, I attend Shiloh," or "I attend Bethel," or "I attend St. Paul's, not so much for the preaching as for the good singing there." Thanks be to God for having given the Negro a supremely good voice—a voice whose plaintive melody and pathos have stirred the deepest feelings in the human breast, and won for the race sympathy and respect the world

over. Never was triumph more complete than that of the Fisk Jubilee Singers over the hearts of Christendom. Through these the Negro had an opportunity to advertise his splendid vocal ability, and right royally did he do it.

"He touched his harp and nations heard, entranced."

Yet music, I fancy, will not furnish the substratum on which to build the life of a great people. Nothing but the teachings of Jesus Christ reiterated in the ears of men with fervor and with force will supply the fundamental needs of their nature, and insure to them permanent and healthy growth.

Very often, nowadays, complaint is heard on the part of Negro ministers that the younger generation of the race, trained in the schools, are godless, that they have little or no interest in church matters, that they are not so devout as were their "good old ignorant fathers and mothers." But recently a pastor of a church in a large city told me that of the twenty-five Negro teachers in the city schools, he had not been able to induce one to attend his church or assist in his Sunday-school. When asked where they attended service, the reply was, "Well, the most of them at-

tend that fashionable church on the next street." It was my good fortune to be acquainted with the pastor of "that fashionable church," and to know that he was by far the strongest of the colored pastors in that city—a man of scholarly attainments and modest bearing—a devout man, who, by the way, has since then been transferred to a larger city and much larger church. It is barely possible, of course, that young Negroes growing up in an atmosphere of freedom and intelligence, would exhibit more independence of thought and action, even in religious matters, than their fathers did. To me, however, it is not a conclusive proof that they are less devout, because less easily led than their fathers were. With their enlarged intellectual life, they are naturally craving for a higher order of pulpit instruction. Their fathers were satisfied to be made happy. The children, of necessity less emotional and excitable, desire to have their reason appealed to as well. They expect to be instructed and helped and strengthened. The pulpit that cannot supply this demand will not hold the rising generation.

Not very far from this place a sermon was preached some time ago. The text was as follows: "And he

said, Whose image and superstition is this? And he said it is Cæsar's superstition." Then followed the exposition wherein it was shown that in ancient times the people were so superstitious that even Cæsar became affected. "Here was the origin," said the preacher, "of the superstition so prevalent among the colored people to-day." The service closed with a hymn, one stanza of which was "lined out" as follows:

"Ye choosen seed of Israel's race,
Remaining weak and small,
Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gal."

We may smile at this; but so long as the pulpit has nothing better to offer the people, the Negro race will remain weak and small. Nor need you expect intelligent young people, trained in the schools, yea, in Christian schools, to sit and listen to such comic utterances when there is a cultured pastor in the pulpit of "that fashionable church on the next street."

Sometimes, again, we are told with the utmost assurance that "the ignorant people don't want educated ministers," that "they can't understand them." The first part of this statement I question; the second I

deny. Nor were it even true that the people do not want educated pastors, would that be a reason why they should not have them? There is a vast difference between one's *wants* and one's *needs.* Too frequently we want that which would be injurious to us, and reject that which is absolutely needful. This country wanted slavery, an institution that, like cancer, was eating out its life. Freedom with all its present blessings had to be forced upon it at the point of the bayonet. Have you recently found any man who would like to have African slavery reintroduced upon any part of this continent? The world did not *want* Jesus Christ. It crucified him. Since then, however, the same blind, proud, sinful world has learned to sing,

"I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.
I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need thee."

It is true, doubtless, that sudden transitions are not usually pleasant, and the eye, confined for a long time in the dark, may shrink at first from the light; but

having become accustomed to it, the eye prefers light to darkness. So will the people.

It is to be feared that these discouragements thrown in the way of an educated ministry do not always have their origin in the purest motives, but are tinged sometimes with what seems to be jealous fear.

Few men are capable of stepping down out of office gracefully. Fewer are willing to see, without a struggle, their business taken from them altogether. Undoubtedly there are hundreds of ministers to-day, men of the old school, so to speak, who emerging from slavery with most limited qualifications, but with hearts pious and sincere, God used as shepherds of his people during the confused and transitional period of reconstruction. Many of these men are still living and doing effective work. Conscious of their weakness from the first, they have read and studied. They did their best, and are to-day honored and respected. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that there are at present numerous aspirants to the ministry, who with every educational facility at their command, would force themselves upon the church without adequate preparation for their very important work. It is this class of persons who op-

pose an educated ministry and prejudice the unthinking people against young men trained in the schools. Yet this, I suppose, is but human nature. Men will be jealous of their own interests, and endeavor to preserve the market in which they may best dispose of their wares. So, eighteen hundred years ago, did Demetrius, the silversmith, who conducted a lucrative business, making "silver shrines for Diana." On hearing of the approach of Paul, he called together his craftsmen, and said, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth: Moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying, that there be no gods which are made with hands. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana shall be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed whom all Asia and and the world worshippeth. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

And now, I am happy to see before me this afternoon not only the students of the seminary and friends from the city and vicinity, but also the students of

Clark University and of other colleges in Atlanta, for it has been repeatedly stated by educators in Negro schools that our college students have little inclination to the ministry. The strongest intellects, the best talent, the richest scholarship, prefer those pursuits which promise larger notoriety and better pecuniary remuneration for services. Of course, it is to the credit of a man seeking money and a name not to seek it in the ministry. It does seem, however, that these schools, founded and fostered by Christian benevolence, should contribute largely towards the strengthening of the Christian pulpit. God wants college men in his ministry. John Wesley was a college man; so was Charles, the sweet singer in our Israel; so was Calvin and Luther and Erasmus and Melancthon and Wyclif. In truth, whatever else may be said of college men, modern history bears witness that they have been very conspicuous in all social, moral, and religious reforms. If the Negro pulpit is ever to be transformed from its present weak state into a tower of strength, if the moral and spiritual ideals of the people are ever to be elevated, if "religion pure and undefiled" is to have in this Southland virile and steady growth, *you* must do your full

share of the work—*you* who have now the privilege, as it were, of sitting at the feet of Gamaliel. Are you awaiting a call? Do you expect some mysterious voice to mention you by name? Consider the many institutions for higher education established in this city, and with them this seminary, whose halls are far from being full, and whose enrollment shows so few college graduates—consider these things, I say, and ask yourselves whether there is not in the very existence of these institutions some indication, at least, of what God desires of you. Would that some of you might, at this hour, consecrate your young lives to a work so important and so needed! Would that you might go away from this hall taking with you the feeling which made Paul exclaim, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel."

THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

CLAFLIN UNIVERSITY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

I am keenly sensible, Mr. President and friends, of the honor you have conferred on me by inviting me here to-day to address you. Nor can I express to you, with any degree of adequacy, the pleasure I experience in revisiting, after so many years, these scenes of my earliest labors. It was this place, as I remember well, that witnessed my first rude efforts to impart instruction. It was at this place I began to realize, with the poet, the delightfulness of the task—

> "To rear the tender thought,
> To teach the young idea how to shoot,
> To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
> To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
> The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

Time has sped away on restless wing. Well-nigh a quarter of a century has passed since then. Changes, many and radical, have occurred, here as elsewhere. A new generation has been born, has grown up, and assumed the weighty responsibilities of life. Your

city, quiet and peaceful as ever, nestling in security among salubrious pine groves, has greatly enlarged its borders and very much improved its architecture. These grounds, the gift of philanthropy, consecrated to learning, have been so completely transformed and remodeled, that hardly a vestige remains to remind us of the Claflin of 1870. In all this progress, so evident and so real, I do most heartily rejoice. Instead of stagnation and death, there have been life and growth, and the future seems bright and assuring.

It would ill become me, however, to consume too much of this precious time, indulging in reminiscence, and yielding to the pleasant sensations that crowd the mind; for I am here by your invitation, and for a purpose entirely different.

We have met to commemorate a great historic event, an event, indeed, whose significance we are just now beginning to understand and appreciate. Evidence of this is given, it would seem, in the more general and more dignified observance of this day. But a few years ago, and the First of January passed unnoticed by the great majority of our people, or, if observed at all, it was observed simply as one

of the Christmas holidays and as the Christmas holidays usually are observed, in senseless merriment, in gluttony and drunkenness and revelry and bacchanalian riot. Only in the great centers ef population did the few thoughtful ones of the race, repairing to their houses of worship and other available places, endeavor to give distinction to the day, and keep green in the memory the issuing of that proclamation which was the harbinger of our freedom, and the precursor of all the rights, privileges, immunities, blessings, which we this day enjoy.

Happily, however, there has sprung among us within the last few years, sprung up almost instinctively, a desire to give wider prominence to the day on which freedom was proclaimed in the land, and to make it, as it were, the starting point from which the race on this continent shall hereafter measure its progress. And so, while I am here to-day endeavoring to address you, Negro orators are discussing the same subject elsewhere, not now in the large cities only, but also in the more remote towns and villages of the rural districts.

This is doubtless as it ought to be, and this is to my mind one of the most conclusive proofs of our

growth in intelligence, for only intelligent and thoughtful men have been accustomed to attach vital importance to historic events, and set them up as silent monitors to the generations passing by. The Greeks, the Romans, the Jews, are conspicuously illustrative of this assertion. The Greeks had their festivals and their games, their Panathenaic Festival to commemorate the union of the people into one great commonwealth, their Elutherian Festival to commemorate their victory over the Persians and their deliverance from barbarian invasion, their Olympic Games for the purpose of promoting national unity. The Jews, indeed, were commanded by Almighty God to a strict observance of all the chief events in their history, the most important of which, as you know, was the keeping of the Passover in remembrance of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. With what pride and with what pleasure do Englishmen even now point back to the thirteenth century and the field of Runnymede, where their mail-clad barons wrenched from the hands of a weak and vacillating monarch the famous Magna Charta, the charter of Englishmen's liberty. In these times and in this country we find the descendants of the

Puritans celebrating the battle of Bunker Hill, and the descendants of both Puritans and Cavaliers commemorating with various observances the Fourth of July. In observing this day, therefore, we are simply following in the footsteps of the wisest, best, and bravest of the ages, and are at the same time demonstrating to the world that the Negro, in common with the rest of mankind, is capable of appreciating the blessings of civil liberty.

And now whatever may be the thoughts coursing through your minds, the thought that keeps swelling uppermost in mine is that of gratitude to Almighty God for what we are and what we have. Far be it from me to detract one jot or tittle from the praise and honor due to the good men and women North, South, East, West, anywhere and everywhere, who contributed in the least to the freedom of the race. Let them have their full meed of praise. Let them be cherished in our hearts, and their memory be dear unto our children, but above and beyond all these, beyond Lundy and Garrison and Phillips and Sumner and Lincoln, beyond Federal armies and Federal enactments, stands in the background of our history the awful form of Almighty God. He it was who

spoke in the voice of Phillips, and from the pen of Garrison. He it was who said: "Let my people go free," and they went free. He it was who, for four long years, riding on the storm cloud of war, flashing from the cannon's mouth, whizzing in the rifle's bullet, roaring in the battle's din, with a strong hand and an outstretched arm, brought us out into a purer atmosphere, a larger liberty, and the enjoyment of blessings innumerable.

I heard the late Senator Brown, of Georgia—Georgia's famous war governor—say in a speech at Clark University, some years ago, that so far as slavery was concerned, neither the people of the North, nor the people of the South, were willing and ready to be rid of it; "and so," said he, "God Almighty caught hold of it and pulled it out by the roots." Be that as it may, blessed be God, it is gone roots and all! Blessed be God, a better tree has been planted in its stead—the tree of liberty! Blessed be God, the deadly old upas tree can never again take root in this soil to poison the social atmosphere, and make the American flag a hideous mockery in the eyes of the civilized world! Blessed be God, we have reached that point in our national history where the Southern white man

would fight harder against its reëstablishment than once he did for its maintenance. Our friend, Bishop Haygood—*nomen honorabile et clarum*—addressing us at Clark a few years ago, dwelt at length on the terrible cost of the war to the South. He spoke of its destruction of property, and the consequent impoverishment of the Southern people. He spoke of its destruction of life, of the sufferings it caused on the battlefield, and the larger sufferings it entailed on a million homes. "But," said he, "to get rid of slavery it was worth all it cost." Blessed be God, then, I say, the old black idol is dead—dead and buried beyond the hope of a resurrection. It will certainly have no part in the first resurrection. And, O, too, that there might be buried in its grave the hatreds and strifes and bickerings and animosities, which are its natural and legitimate offspring, and that the two races, at least, facing eastward, with their eyes toward the rising sun, might cherish no emulation or rivalry, except the emulation on the part of each to make this the best country under the sun, and this Southland the garden spot of the earth! When we shall have reached this conclusion and shall begin to move along this line, the so-called Negro problem will

begin to solve itself. In no other way can it ever be solved.

Useless is it for extremists and political experts to be devising other methods. There are no methods that can succeed except those founded in reason and right, and having for their basis the Sermon on the Mount. Within the last decade various theories have been proposed, looking toward the solution of this problem; but all these theories have been remarkable only for their sameness, urging, as they have all urged, a moving policy. But a short time ago two United States senators were urging Congress to make an appropriation of several hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of helping the Negro from this country to Africa—a remarkable act of disinterested benevolence! At present the air is gently stirred by the pleadings of Mr. John Temple Graves for segregation, that is, the putting of the Negro off to himself in some territory. The best that can be said for this proposition is, that it is entirely foreign to the genius and spirit of the American government. A State within a State—*imperium in imperio!* Such a thing cannot be. The interests of the people of this country must ever be common. Slavery once divided

them, and was swept away. The American people will never again allow any wall to be erected on this continent around any peculiar people or peculiar institution. Henceforth the Union will be maintained in its integrity. We are a constituent part of this Union, a fact which, I am afraid, but few of us are yet prepared to appreciate. We have been incorporated into the body politic, for weal or for woe, and no class legislation will ever be allowed to restrict us to any State or territory.

Again, if such a separation were even possible, are we simple enough to believe that that would relieve us of the presence of the white man? He who is scouring the seas, dredging the oceans, tunneling the mountains, boring his way into the frozen regions of the north, parceling out the continent of Africa, and giving civilization and laws to its tribes—It is not likely, I say, that this restless, energetic white brother will respect the boundary line of a State or territory at home; he has not done so with reference to the Indian; he would never do so with reference to us. Were it possible for us to go off to-morrow into some territory by ourselves, within a week the Connecticut Yankee would be there peddling his wooden nutmegs. The

patent medicine man would be there selling his nostrums. The Georgia cracker and the Kentucky horse-trader would be there trading their horses and mules. The Southern white man especially would be there, for he has been so accustomed to us from his childhood that he does not feel at home without us, although sometimes in the heat of political excitement he wishes we were in Africa or a warmer place.

Some few years ago a young white lady who had recently been graduated from a Northern school was on her way home. An elderly gentleman who knew her, on entering the train, took a seat by her side, congratulated her on her graduation, and welcomed her back to her State. "But," said he, "didn't you find it very unpleasant up in that country—having to meet niggers wherever you went?—Niggers in the churches, niggers in the schools, niggers in the places of amusement?" "Well, no," said she, "I soon got used to it, and really, after a while, I enjoyed seeing them around; for they always reminded me of home." Ladies and gentlemen, just so long as a black face seen in any part of the country will have the effect of reminding the Southern white man or woman of home, there will be some little hope of the two races

living together on this soil with mutual confidence and mutual respect.

This race problem is purely and simply a question of equity, and the conscience, the sense of justice of the dominant race, must be educated up to the point where it will finally dispense even-handed justice to all men of whatever nationality or race. This desired end may not be reached in my day. It may not be reached in yours, nor in that of your grandchildren, for the evolution of moral principles is slow, and prejudices nursed and cherished for centuries cannot be eradicated in a few decades. Indeed, if we were living in a heathen country, I should despair altogether for the future of my people. But we are living in a Christian country, and however open to criticism our Christian practice may be, when I look away from sect and dogma and creed to the real Christ, I see unbounded hope for mankind. It was not in vain that, at his birth, the angels sang on the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It was not in vain that Christ himself said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." It is literally true that from the day he was lifted up the great round world

has been swinging towards the cross, imperceptibly perhaps to the skeptic, perceptibly to the believer. The latter perceives it in the altruistic spirit of the age, that is gradually taking possession of human hearts, and sounding forever the death-knell of oppression and cruelty. Never before were there so many humanizing agencies and influences at work in the world; never so many societies for the reformation of character and the restoration of fallen man. Never were so many efforts made as now for the purification of government, and the exaltation of virtue, justice, truth. This advanced spirit of the age, this altruistic spirit that is leading man to seek his own happiness in the welfare and happiness of his fellow-man, this spirit that will not allow even the dumb animals to be treated with cruelty—this spirit is the dove with the olive branch in its mouth, the herald of a better day for mankind, and consequently for us —for we are a part of mankind.

But whatever others may do for us, whatever external influences may be favorably affecting us, let us set it down deep in our hearts that, in the main, we are to work out our own salvation as a race.

> "Destiny is not about thee, but within,
> Thyself must make thyself."

Very creditable have been our efforts and achievement since emancipation. No statistics are needed now to prove this. The fact is patent. Nor will the most prejudiced of our critics venture to deny that, as a people, we are at present better housed, better fed, better clothed, wiser and more intelligent to perform the duties of citizenship than we were thirty-two years ago, when Abraham Lincoln, in the fullness of time, gave to the world its last great charter of freedom. Yet I will not do here what is too often unwisely done by our speakers. I will not leave you with the impression that, because we have acquired some property, because we have gained some knowledge and respectability, because we are greatly in advance of our fathers, because we have achieved infinitely more than our most ardent friends expected,—I will not for these reasons, I say, leave with you the impression that everything has been accomplished. Nay rather, I tell you with all the earnestness of my soul that our achievements in the aggregate are but the merest beginnings in the development of a great race. Let us, then, not slacken, but redouble our efforts. Let us of the rising generation have the ambition to plant the standard of the race, within the next twenty-five years,

far in advance of where it is to-day. When the president * of a large university in the North was making an effort to increase the endowment of his school, and the question was humorously asked, what would he do next, if some one were to give him a million dollars, the prompt reply was, "I would proceed immediately to raise the next million." Ladies and gentlemen, let us not rest on our laurels, but with brave hearts continue to improve upon the blessings which we are to-day, through a mysterious train of providences, permitted to enjoy. The world stands ready to bid for anything novel or useful which we may produce. The South stands the ever-ready patron of our industry, holding out to the Negro artisan and laborer such incentives as are held out to him nowhere else in this country.

As I was conducted this morning by the superintendent through your industrial department, the largest, by the way, and best equipped I have yet seen, I felt thankful beyond expression for the opportunities therein afforded you to become self-reliant, independent men and women. It was a gigantic stride in the evolution of man when he discovered the value

*Pres. Henry Wade Rogers, of the Northwestern University.

and learned the use of tools. With these he has successfully cut his way from savagery to civilization. Learn the use of tools. Acquaint yourselves with all the intricacies of machinery. When Prof. Bates, your superintendent, informed me that all the machinery in that large industrial plant, from the smallest piece to the largest, was put in place, fitted, adjusted, set into harmonious operation under his sole direction, I felt like lifting my hat to him. So feels the world when it meets a man or woman who has accomplished something noble or useful. Indeed, it is safe to say, that society reserves its greatest honors for those who are capable of placing it under largest obligations.

Immediately after the war I became acquainted, in the city of Boston, with a young man from North Carolina, a maker of surgical instruments. In course of time we became most intimate friends. This young man sought and secured employment from the largest firm in New England, manufacturing the instruments referred to. It ought to be added that he retained his position for twenty years or more. Being the first colored man employed in that establishment, on entering upon his duties the white workmen, mostly Germans, were offended, and from time to time

made disparaging remarks with reference to the new-comer. But conscious of his own worth, he possessed his soul in patience and attended to his own business. By and by it began to become apparent that he was a master of his craft, and not to be sneered at or treated with contempt. Whereupon the spirit of the white men began to change from contempt to admiration, and in a short time no man in that establishment was so popular as my friend Murray. Some of the very men who at first sneered at him, afterwards went frequently from Boston to Chelsea to visit him at his own home, and when children began to be born in that home, one of these Germans requested that a child should be named for him. Accordingly one was named Fritz. In this connection it ought, perhaps, to be added that within a few years after W H. Murray had found employment in the establishment referred to, the members of the firm requested him to recommend to them some respectable colored lad who would like to learn the trade. A young man from a good family was recommended, who gave entire satisfaction and became a first-class workman. Others like himself have doubtless been admitted since then, and with like results.

The lesson from all this is too apparent to need comment from me. That as a people we are very peculiarly circumstanced, hedged in on many sides by hostile influences, is, of course, painfully felt by every thinking member of the race. Yet it is not possible to "take arms against a sea of troubles and, by opposing, end them." There is, however, one safe line of procedure—one line along which victory is assured. I mean the line of meritorious conduct. The truly deserving cannot forever be kept in the shade, cannot forever be discriminated against. Make yourselves an indispensable factor in American civilization, and those who are now sneering will by and by welcome you for your services. Above all, identify yourselves with every good movement for the moral uplift of the people, whether it be temperance and prohibition, or the movement for the elevation of woman, or the movement for the moral cleansing of cities, or the movement for the evangelization of the masses. It was Terence, the Roman poet, who gave utterance to that cosmopolitan sentiment: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns man can be a matter of indifference to me." Let the world see that you are not indifferent to what is taking place in it. Let society

see that you are interested in its welfare, and society will be interested in you. Let it feel that you are a moral and intellectual force in its midst, and, for its own sake, it cannot afford to ignore or despise you.